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"Little Dot."

Little feet, in motion ever,
Up and down the parlor floor;
Little hands, with vain endeavor,
Reaching at the outside door.

Active brain and busy fingers,
Finding treasures everywhere;
Little form that often lingers
Thoughtfully by "mamma's chair."

Little one, whose presence only
Maketh all around thee glad:
Bright'ning hours that would be lonely,
Cheering hearts that would be sad.

Fairer than earth's fairest token,
Is thy little face to me;
Eloquent with words unspoken,
Which my eyes can only see.

And I pray that angels o'er thee
Blessings on thy pathway pour;
Smooth each rugged way before thee,
Keep thee pure forever more.

After Twenty Years.

Although you've been a husband true,
'Tis many a year gone by, John,
And I'm a faithful wife to you
(And will be till I die, John).
We led a lonely sort of life,
With no sweet child to bless us,
Till Bessy came last Christmas day,
To comfort and caress us.

Our baby has a father gray,
A mother none too young, John,
And yet it seems the time of May,
E'er since our birdling sang, John;
She brought new life into the house,
The little, prattling stranger,
And, John, she binds you to your home,
Who might have been a ranger.

Once every chair was in its place,
And not a thing awry, John,
Yet we two, sitting face to face,
Would often breath a sigh, John;
But now upon our ample board,
Is daily placed between us
A picture plate and porringer,
From loneliness to wean us.

While she, our little baby queen,
With eyes so like your own, John
(The brightest, bluest ever seen),
Eats with us on her throne, John.
Heaven guard our precious little one—
May angels fair, that brought her,
Protect from every threat'ning ill
The "old folks'" little daughter.

ERLA AND FLORIAN.

Erla Vincent made a graceful courtesy when Mrs. Marden presented Florian King, and thought, with a little unusual sparkle in her blue eyes, that if this was the wonderful Mr. King she had heard so much about, and who had been invited to Mrs. Marden's for her express benefit—why, that he might have been spared his trouble—tall, ugly and dark as he was, and she hated dark men so.

Mr. Florian raised his hat with the grace of a courtier, and took a swift inventory of Miss Erla's charms, and recorded the vow that if this independent young lady with the yellow hair and light eyes was the "wonderful Miss Vincent" he had been advised to win, that he might as well have stayed where he was.

"How do you like her, King? Beautiful girl, isn't she? I tell you, if you succeed in making love to Miss Vincent, you'll do what no other fellow ever did," said Frank.

"Beautiful! Miss Vincent beautiful? It did not occur to me. Tall, fair and icy, isn't she?" said Florian.

Dantonville gave a little groan of horror.

"Florian! Miss Vincent is perfection! And to be described as only 'fair, tall and icy,' this magnificent Venus among women."

King's lips parted in an amused smile.

"Really, old fellow, if I didn't know you were a married man and above reproach I'd be suspicious. Honor bright, is Miss Vincent so enchanting! I'm glad to hear it, although I do not usually care for blonde women. Take a sail, Dant?"

"Isn't he splendid, isn't he elegant? Oh, Erla, if Mr. King only should fall in love with you?"

Almost a shiver of disgust ran over the girl's slender, graceful figure.

"Don't mention it, Mrs. Marden. I never was so disappointed in all my life as when I saw him. Why, I hate such saturnine visaged creatures, and he is actually gray, too."

She tore a little cluster of daises in pieces, to help her endure her disappointment and chagrin the better, for in truth she had thought and dreamed of the coming of this Prince Charming until she had made a god of him.

Mrs. Marden gave a little indignant exclamation.

"Oh, you wicked girl! Mr. King is one of the most refined and cultured gentlemen you ever met or ever will meet. Erla, I'm ashamed of you!"

And in the soft summer silence of that evening, later, while Miss Vincent was waltzing, Mrs. Marden and Frank Dantonville compared notes with amused astonishment.

"We have made a grand mistake, Mrs. Marden, and we must rectify it at once. We have been too profuse in our honest expressions of favor, one to the other. We must stop chanting the eternal praises of one to the other, as Erla would say, and try the opposite rule of contraries. You must pick all the flaws you can, and criticise him to Erla—and I will take the same course with him. We'll arouse their pique, and convince them that they are entirely unfit for each other; and if it doesn't result in an engagement, you may take my head for a football!"

After that Mrs. Marden and Erla were off very often, and when they were at home it seemed odd how sure it would happen that Mr. King and the Dantonvilles were all out yachting for the day, and one afternoon Florian spoke of the coincidence to Dantonville.

"We don't see very much of that young lady friend of yours, Frank, over whom you are so gushingly sentimental."

"We don't see much of her, that's certain, more's the pity. But if she takes a prejudice, there is no reasoning her out of it. Confidentially, Florian, she doesn't like you; she thinks you are a perfect bear, and, being very fastidious in her tastes, you couldn't expect her to sacrifice her feelings to the dictates of society usages. Curious girl, Erla, until you know her."

"Mr. King's face flushed warmly—he not suited to the "fastidiousness" of Miss Erla Vincent—"he"—notably a ladies' man, and the petted darling in whatever society he chose to adorn—he a "perfect bear!"

"I wouldn't care if I were you, Florian, what she said or what she thinks, for, after all, she's only a flighty girl. Shall we take tickets for the picnic to-morrow? Nellie told me to mention it to you; they're all going."

And he would go to convince Miss Erla Vincent he was not the "bear" she imagined him, and that if he took the pains to lay siege to her heart—even if he only did it for pastime—she would have to capitulate.

"Saucy, conceited little creature!" he decided, as he dressed for the picnic next morning. "I'll make her change her mind about me, and then"—

He smiled under his mustache, a very meaning smile, that if Miss Vincent, in her room at the other end of the corridor, had seen, would perhaps not have appreciated.

As it was she was very deeply engrossed in settling the bows of her sash, while Mrs. Marden and Mrs. Dantonville, in full picnic attire, were watching her.

A man's footstep passed the door.

"That's King, after all. I was afraid he wouldn't go; indeed he said almost as much to Frank yesterday."

"Mr. King must be very hard to suit if all the entertainments we have had lately fail to amuse him."

Mrs. Dantonville drew on her gloves leisurely.

"Oh, it isn't the entertainments Florian objects to, but the society. He told Frank there was not a young lady stopping here capable of entertaining him."

Erla's face crimsoned.

"The rude, unmanly fellow! The idea, and I am in the same house with him! Not capable of entertaining him!"

The tiny silver gray Lisle gloves were being dragged on in hot, angry haste.

Mrs. Marden laughed.

"Why, Erla, any one would think you took it as a personal affront. You know you think Mr. King is a perfect bear."

The gloves were buttoned vindictively, and Mrs. Dantonville took up her sunshade to depart.

There was a perfect tempest of emotion in Erla's brain and heart, and out of the rioting confusion there sprung an almost savage determination to convince Mr. King of his mistake in considering her the uninteresting booby he thought her.

She would make him admire her, and make him like her, and, wicked or not, she would draw him on to care for her with all his soul, and then—oh, what a revenge she would have!

She was so charming, so bewitching, so irresistibly fascinating that King came under the influence admirably, and succeeded in creating the impression upon her he desired to create, that he was not a "bear," but a refined, agreeable gentleman, who conversed, danced and flirted equally well.

That was a grand day for them both; they were together all day, while Mrs. Marden and Dantonville and his wife assumed reproachful looks and laughed in their sleeves.

It was a rich little drama—this playing at swords' points first, and then, gradually becoming really interested, and trying to assure themselves it was only their good luck that made them so happy; and then to go about so devotedly together, little dreaming that they were reported engaged many a time.

But it suddenly came to a climax—a premeditated climax on the part of the co-conspirators—and Mrs. Marden took the initiative by coming in upon Erla one day as she sat alone, with a book she had been reading.

"All alone? What a wonder and what a blessing, for I never get an opportunity of a word with you since that odious fellow of a King hangs so continuously around you. I do think, Erla, you ought to be a little ashamed of yourself."

The graceful figure straightened suddenly.

"I ought? Really, Mrs. Marden, you have changed your mind greatly about Mr. King, who is scarcely the 'odious fellow' you take him to be. I find him delightful."

"I have changed my mind about him, I am happy to say. I see him now as he is—vain, frivolous and conceited as a boy. Erla, take my advice, and have no more to do with him, unless, as I hope and pray, it is only a flirtation."

The lovely golden head drooped slightly, and Mrs. Marden saw a paleness on the averted face.

She smiled and went on, as she arose from her chair:

"Don't hate me, dear, for saying what I have, will you? But I am older than you, by so many years, and I don't think Mr. King is a fit match for you"—

Then the golden head came proudly up, and the blue eyes looked straight in Mrs. Marden's.

"Mr. King is a fit 'match' for a princess of the blood royal if he chose to so honor her! He doesn't intend to marry me!"

Then Mrs. Marden went out, laughing all the way down the hall, until she met Florian coming impatiently, hastily in her direction, with a determined sparkle in his dark eyes and a pale, eager anxiety on his handsome face.

"Will I find Er—Miss Vincent in the parlor? Is she alone?"

She told him "yes," with grave countenance, and then went straight to her recipe book to hunt up the directions for the wedding cake she meant to give them.

While Mr. King went into the lonely, silent parlor, to find Erla crouching in a corner of the sofa, crying softly, in the sudden knowledge that had been forced to her by Mrs. Marden's words—the humiliating fact that she was in love with a man who, as she had proudly said, "didn't intend to marry her."

He walked over to her, his heart thumping in strong, audible beats, his face pale, his eyes full of tenderness. He stooped beside her, and lifted her lovely head.

"Erla, is it true you hate me quite as much as they tell me? Erla! dear little girl, if you only knew how I love you—Erla! quick—you do care for me, my darling, my darling!"

Her arms were clasped around his neck, her eyes looking in his—and, as a matter of course, the wedding cake was wanted.

A Social Gathering.

The following, from the *Golden Rule*, contains an account of "Informals" which may be of use to our readers: Early in the season, say in November, the owner of a cozy little home sent a note to families embracing thirty or forty of his friends—no more than his double rooms would seat comfortably—stating that he would be "at home." Friday evenings during the winter from seven to eleven, and should be glad to have them come when they pleased, do as they pleased, and go when they pleased. They were requested to come in without ringing, and soon learned to dispose of their wrappings and themselves without troubling any one. The rooms were brightly lighted, well warmed and ventilated. There were tables for those who wished to play cards or other games, an open piano and music for the musically inclined, books, magazines and papers strewn about, easy chairs around the fire for story tellers or visitors. No "refreshments" were served, but in one corner was a table with apples and popped corn, or walnuts and raisins, candy, or—on especially cold nights—an urn of coffee and a plate of doughnuts—to which all were invited to help themselves, or others, as they wanted. Husbands, wives, or young people, came alone or together, as was convenient; stayed according to their pleasure; did as they wished, and went, as they came, without more ceremony than a cheery "good-night." The meetings were called "Informals," and whether the number in attendance was ten or forty made no difference, for there was no expense or special trouble of preparation. It was proposed to have them rotate, but the objection was held valid that by so doing there would always be with some an uncertainty as to the place of meeting; rivalries in "entertainment" would creep in; dressing up would come to be thought essential, and so the characteristic charm of the gatherings be dispelled. They, therefore, continued as they begun, and were efficient in killing off for those concerned, at least, the old stand-up parties on one side, and preventing a social stagnation on the other.

Farmers, Take Papers for Your Sons.

The New York *Sun* has received a letter which is worth publishing. It says: I have been a scrub farmer all my life, and, just as I am about ready for the grave, or too old to work, I am beginning to learn what I ought to have known at eighteen or twenty years of age. The work I have done clearing up and wearing out land as fast as I could, with the least benefit, would make any good farmer rich. I often find one article in a newspaper that more than ten times repays me for the price I pay for it. I have two little sons, and both of them are beginning to take a lively interest in the papers. Let me repeat it. Farmers take papers for your sons.

THE RAILWAY HORROR.

Incidents from the Wreck at Ashtabula—Heartrending Scenes as Described by those who were Present.

GOING TO ES TRUCTION.

H. J. Tomlinson a general insurance agent at Memphis, Tenn., was on the sleeper Palatine. He thinks there were thirty persons aboard this car, which was the third from the end of the train. He had just looked at his watch, which showed 8:05, New York time, when the bell rope broke, and he felt a sudden shock, like that of a collision. Then he could feel what seemed like wheels off the track, bumping over ties for, say, the length of the car. Then came a sensation of sinking down—down. It seemed as if it would never stop. He thought of everything that had ever happened to him, everything he had ever done or was going to do, of his wife, family, friends—everything that belonged to him, even to a $175 flute, which he had just got from New York, and which was in charge of the porter. There! thought he, that flute will be crushed to pieces. He never thought but that he would himself escape with his life. He watched the end of the cars as they went down. First, as has been said, he thought they had collided. He had had some experience of railroad accidents before, and expected to be thrown upon one side of the track or the other, but this sensation of going on over a chasm on an even keel and down the whole way for such a distance on the same even keel—for from the apparent time the distance seemed almost endless—this sensation was indescribably wonderful. He had heard the roar of the other cars breaking, but the terrible crash of glass and iron and wood he could yet hear and feel. Then came a blank, and the next he knew he was was lying in the snow looking at the tall piers, with the blank between now filled only by the whirling snow where a few minutes before had been the 150 feet of iron bridge, which had fallen with them seventy-five feet into the bed of the river. Then his eyes rested on the blazing cars stretched all the way across the space. Beside him were two or three men, one of whom was C. H. Tyler, of the firm of Wheelon, Tyler & Co., of St. Louis, who had been in the same car with Tomlinson, and to whom he feels confident, he owes his escape from death. Tyler escaped with only slight injury to one hand. Tomlinson was propped up in the pump house, where, lighting a cigar to ease his pain, he felt thankful that his injuries were not so great as those of the many mangled shapes which soon filled the building. Soon came Mayor Hepburn, of Ashtabula, who, with the greatest kindness, invited him to his house, where he now lies with a broken wrist, injured hips and bruised head.

A PASSENGER'S STATEMENT.

C. E. Jones, of Beloit, Wis., who was in the first passenger car and escaped with slight injuries, says he had just gone to the first sleeper, the Palatine, to engage a berth, the only one not taken, and was returning for his baggage when the accident happened. While passing through he noticed the coaches were quite full and the other cars more so than the first, the one he had ridden in, which he thinks had two persons to at least two-thirds of the seats. The smoker especially seemed crowded. "Our car," he says, "sunk down swiftly but seemingly for long, long minutes. I expected to be killed, of course, and of all the events of life, great and small, thought of holding my business card tight for identification. I did not think of its burning. The crash came when our car lighted and was jammed immovably. Another crash came as another car dashed down on us. I was nearly free, being protected over head by the trucks. Our car seemed to fall in kindling wood around me—kindling wood, indeed, in which the fire was just catching from the stove. I got out in its lurid light by a strong effort." Martin Jefferson, of Ohio, with his wife and two children, was on the train, and all were rescued. He heard a wailing cry of "Ben Martin, where are you?" and went to the assistance of a woman who then said: "Oh, it's no use; I'm all broken to pieces." But he lifted her by her uninjured arm and, had to step in some water, where lay, it seems, a man, who clutched him by both legs and dragged him down into the creek. Then the man himself got up, apparently uninjured, and unconcernedly walked off and disappeared in the storm. He again picked up Mrs. Martin and with some other help she was carried to a place of safety. This lady has since been prematurely delivered of a child. Jefferson is sure many more might have been saved could water have been directed on the wreck from hose in time. He feels sure that there were at least three hundred persons on the train.

Crime in China.

Chinese crime is as curious a study as French wickedness. Two families were living under the same roof in Hankow, and, as a matter of course, the house was not large enough for them. They finally separated, one couple moving into another house, and the other couple remaining where they were, with their son and a young girl to whom he was betrothed. Late in October the mother of this young man received an invitation to dine with her former lodgers, but declined on the ground that her husband and son were away, and she could not leave the house. The host said he would remain in her house during her absence, and accordingly she went to dine with his wife. A short time after her departure the son returned, and, failing to gain admittance, clambered through the window. The first object that met his view was his bride, who lay upon a bed with her throat cut from ear to ear. He aroused his neighbors, and they searched the house, finding a man lying on the floor in an upper room with his throat cut. It was the former lodger, who had invited the young man's mother to dinner. Beside him lay two bundles containing nearly all the jewelry and clothing of his wife's guest. He had evidently been detected by the girl while he was plundering the house, and had killed her in order to escape conviction for robbery; then, realizing the enormity of his crime, he had cut his own throat.

An Indian Massacre.

Capt. O'Neal, of the Wyoming Rangers, writes to the governor of the Territory as follows: I thought it my duty and necessary to call my company, the Wyoming Rangers, for the protection of some of our citizens that had gone down Big Wind river looking for stock, and to bring in the bodies of nine men that were murdered recently by the hostile Sioux Indians. The military at Camp Brown could not get permission to leave the post, so my company went alone. We found three dead bodies, and buried them. These bodies were recognized to be those of James Levsight, from New Jersey; R. C. Anderson, Iowa, and David Davis, from New York State, I believe. The other six bodies we did not find, but the Shoshone Indians say they were all killed. We also found between 150 and 200 Indian lodges encamped on North Wood river, about one hundred miles from this place. I think they were Cheyennes, but we had no fight, my force being too light to attack them. We anticipate trouble from them if the military don't rout them soon.

POPULATION OF THE WORLD.

Interesting Statistics Made Up from the Best Sources, and Worthy of Preservation.

The best authority estimates the whole population of the globe for 1876 at 1,423,917,000, and the area of the land surface to be 51,340,800 square miles, thus giving an average density of about twenty-eight people to one square mile. These data are apportioned among the various divisions of the globe as nearly as possible as follows:

	Square Miles.	Inhabitants.
Europe	3,776,493	309,178,300
Asia	17,079,383	824,548,500
Africa	11,417,824	199,921,600
Australia and Polynesia	3,350,710	4,748,600
America	15,687,840	85,519,800

The greatest density of population is in Europe with eighty-two inhabitants to the square mile, and the lowest in Australia and Polynesia with one and one-third. In America, including North and South, there are five and one-half inhabitants to each square mile of territory. Averaging matters, people are not very badly crowded anywhere on the globe.

The entire area of British possessions outside of the kingdom is given at 7,964,752 square miles, with a population of 203,941,766—excluding, of course, the Indian States.

The increase in America is upward of 1,200,000 over the number given in 1875.

The population of Canada is 3,672,116, and the United States nearly 40,000,000. Mexico stands at 9,276,079. The Central American States show a slight decrease, the number this year being 2,828,164; the West Indies, 4,316,178, and all South America, 21,309,700, of which Brazil claims upward of 11,000,000.

There are 215 cities in the world with populations of 100,000 and over, and only twenty-nine whose populations will exceed 500,000. Those at or above a million are—Berlin, 1,044,000; Canton, 1,000,000; London, (1876,) 3,489,428; New York with Brooklyn (1875), 1,535,622; Paris 1,851,792; Seangtan, Shanchowfu and Singanfu (China), each 1,000,000; and Vienna, 1,091,999.

The entire population of Asia is larger by about 25,000,000 than the estimate given in 1875.

The population of China is given as 405,000,000, with 28,500,000 of outlying people. Hong Kong seems to have decreased by upward of 2,000 since 1875, the number now given being 121,985. Japan is set down at 33,299,014.

The following are the populations of the leading States of Europe, according to latest estimates:

Germany, 1875	42,723,182
Austro-Hungary, 1876	37,700,000
Switzerland, 1870	2,669,147
Netherlands, 1875	3,869,527
Belgium, 1874	5,336,634
Luxemburg, 1875	205,158
Russia, 1870	71,730,980
Sweden, 1875	4,383,291
Norway, 1875	1,802,882
Denmark, 1876	1,903,000
France, 1872	36,102,921
Great Britain, 1876	33,450,000
Spain, 1870	16,551,647
Andorra	12,000
Portugal, 1874	4,298,881
Italy, 1875	27,482,174
Monaco, 1874	5,741
San Marino, 1874	7,816
European Turkey	3,500,000
Roumania, 1873	5,073,000
Servia, 1875	1,377,068
Montengro	190,000
Greece, 1870	1,457,894

The increase of the population estimate for 1876 over that for 1875 is upward of 27,000,000. Of course, it must not be imagined this enormous increase is entirely caused by the excess of births over deaths; as the area has been affected by extended survey, so the population figures owe their increase in a considerable degree to the results of recent censuses mainly in Europe and in India, and to a more accurate knowledge of regions hitherto imperfectly unknown.

The Sting-Ray.

A Florida letter says: Big fish, when struck, make a beeline through the nearest channel for the inlet, their instinct telling them to get to sea as quickly as possible. Two New Yorkers who did not know this fact met with a funny adventure. They were fishing in a small boat at the mouth of the creek, opposite the inlet. They had been very successful, and had made their last cast, a little before sundown, previous to starting for home. One of them got a tremendous strike, and, after twenty minutes' struggle, he drew to the top of the water an enormous sting-ray. The ray begun moving his wings, churning the water about, propeller fashion. The tide was running out, and a long pull was before the pair. A bright idea struck them. "Tie the beast to the bow," the leader shouted, "and he'll propel us home." No sooner said than done. The anchor was lifted in a jiffy, and away she went, but in the wrong direction; and, before a knife could be found to cut the cord, the two smart Yorkers were almost over the bar, with an extra mile against the current added to the labor in store for them. Sting-rays are more plentiful than pleasant in these waters, and grow to an enormous size. My companion captured one that turned the scales when landed at 151 pounds. He had hardly lain five minutes on the beach when a three-year-old hog tore out his entrails, and hid himself within the cavity. Another nearly sunk a good sized sailing boat. A resident of the place drove a pair of grains, attached to a stout chain, into one of them that he saw lying in a shallow place, while poling past. With the assistance of his comrade he succeeded in hauling the ray up and laying it across the bow of the boat. Its weight sunk the boat down so that the men had to run to the other end of the boat to keep it from going down. The fish began to flop, and every flop sent the bow down and the water poured in. Had it not been pushed off, the boat would have gone down. In seeming numbers of sting-rays are taken. The fisherman cut their tails off and turn them loose, and they are often afterward captured with hook and line in this condition, the wound having healed. There is a gentleman in New York who uses as a whip the tail of a ray captured here that was originally nine feet long and three inches in diameter at the butt. The whip-ray, another variety of ray, is also taken here of great size. These fellows are somewhat of a nuisance. They take your bait and walk right away with it at a steady gait, no hurry and no halt. It is difficult to turn them, and if the hook be well fastened something must break. An old Narragansett Pier Quaker here, whom they bother very much, appropriately terms them "animated barn doors."

A Rush for Appointment.

The pressure upon the United States Treasury department for official positions is greater now than at any previous time within the recollection of the appointment clerks. The applications from all parts of the country continue to increase by every day's mail. There have been at least 1,000 discharges from the department within the past four months, taking into consideration the reductions in the bureau of engraving. Yet people leave their homes and await chances for appointment. The appointment clerks say there is absolutely no chance for them whatever. Demands have been made that vacancies shall be created for applicants who are backed by strong influence, but the department in its systematic reductions of late have retained only competent and worthy employees, and it is found absolutely impossible to comply with the appeals that are made.

A MURDERER'S VISION.

Remarkable Story—How the Condemned Man Imagined that He Was Executed—His Sentence Commuted.

Had Belcher, the Essex county (Ontario) murderer, been executed on the twenty-first of December, as sentenced, it would have been his second execution, writes a *Herald* correspondent. If this assertion reads strangely it is capable of such an explanation as will render it perfectly plain.

Belcher is a cool man. He stained his hands with human blood only after he had brooded over his wrongs for weeks and weeks, and only after he had come to the conclusion that his own life was a burden. He scarcely attempted a defense when his trial came on. He could have secured witnesses whose testimony would have influenced the jury in his favor more or less, but he would not send for them. He could have made a statement excusing his crime in a measure and showing that he had been deeply wronged, but he would scarcely speak. When the judge put on the black cap and sentenced Belcher to be hanged the murderer exhibited less emotion than any other person in the courtroom. It was only after he had been ironed hand and foot and placed in the murderer's cell in the grim jail at Sandwich that he seemed to realize his situation.

"It's all right; I'll be there when wanted," he grimly observed, and he talked freely with the numerous journalists who sought interviews.

There were few residents of Essex county who wanted an execution to take place. The county has not had one for years, and the influence of the anti-capital punishment people of Michigan is strongly felt along the border. Steps were soon taken to secure a commutation of sentence, Belcher was apathetic at first, being more inclined to put the noose over his head than to cast it from him. There came a reaction. Perhaps the winter sunshine pouring through the cold iron bars and warming the flagstones of the corridor warmed his heart at the same time. He could hear the merry shouts of the boys as they slid down hill or skated on the river below, and the musical jingle of sleigh bells could not be kept out by the massive walls. Belcher wanted to live. He wrenched at his irons with the strength of a giant, and called out because the hours and days were flying so swiftly. He besought the jury to plead his case; he called for lawyers; he remembered that he had witnesses. The strong man broke down and became a child, and every day, and every hour, outside of his sleep, he thought of the grim gallows, the fatal noose, and he saw himself dangling in the air. Three days before the reprieve came he said he would die game; but he said it with a face as white as snow and every nerve trembling with fear. Had he been taken to execution he could not have walked alone, and he would have sunk down on the trap.

Belcher hoped and feared. Reprieves are not so common in Canada that murderers in the shadow of the gallows can rely on them and keep their courage up. When sheriff and warden and murderer were counting the hours the reprieve came. Belcher escaped the gallows, but the doors of Kingston were to close on him for life. It was evening when the news came, and when the telegram was read to him he could not utter a word.

An hour before the sun went down the jail was very quiet. It is always so when the shadow of death holds the keys. Belcher paced up and down, his face haggard and worn and his eyes wearing such a look as one never sees outside of prison walls. Out in the courtyard men were at work, not at the gallows, but at some repairs. Belcher believed that the scaffold from which he was to swing was being erected, and his heart must have stood still as he heard the hammer and saw at work. Leaning against the wall, his eyes looking into vacancy, the murderer suffered all the pain that a real execution could inflict. Some of the prisoners were watching him. They saw him hold out his hands for the sheriff to remove the irons. They saw him kneel in prayer. They saw him arise and look around as if following the officials to the gallows. He looked up as if surveying the swaying noose, and a shudder passed over him.

The prisoners could read his thoughts as plainly as if he had written them down. In imagination he mounted the gallows. He looked at the noose again and suddenly jerked his head aside, as if the rope had touched him. He bent his head as if to have it passed over and tightened about his neck. When he stood as if waiting for the trap to spring, his face was no longer pale; it was so livid and distorted that almost every line of humanity was crushed out of sight. The trap fell, and with an awful gasp, a shout, a scream of agony, Belcher fell to the floor, his tongue protruding, his eyes open and glassy and a froth oozing from his mouth. It was a quarter of an hour before he was fully resuscitated and his first words were:

"Oh, God! but how the rope cut into my neck!"

It was another fifteen minutes before the man could be convinced that his execution was imaginary. He had suffered all that a hangman's victim suffers, and in piteous tones he cried out, while tears ran down his face:

"Don't hang me again! Oh, my throat is so sore!"

He had on a woolen shirt, fitting loosely around the neck. They unbuttoned the collar, turned it down and there was a bright red mark clear around his throat!

Facts only are stated here, and men may theorize as they feel inclined. That mark did not die away for thirty hours, and the murderer complained of swollen tonsils and a sore throat. His reprieve came only after he had been hanged, and yet it saved his life.

A Mistake.

An old couple living in a village not far from Berlin, as many provident souls have done, anticipated a certain want by purchasing a pair of coffins, keeping the cheerful reminders in a stable, to serve as cupboards for the storing of baked fruits and other winter necessities. At last the old man died, and his eldest son, a soldier quartered at Berlin, was summoned home to the funeral. The widow emptied one of the coffins of its contents to make room for the corpse, filling the other with the ejected comestibles. The day after the funeral the soldier had to return to his duty. The dame went to fetch him some fruit, and on opening the solitary coffin was startled and confounded at beholding her dead husband. Somebody had blundered, and the coffin-ful of good things had been solemnly put under the turf, and everything had to be done over again!

Curiosities of Life.

Half of all who live die before seventeen.

Only one person in ten thousand lives to be a hundred years old, and but one in a hundred reaches sixty.

The married live longer than the single.

Out of every thousand persons born, only ninety-five weddings take place.

Lay your finger on your pulse, and know that at every stroke some immortal passes to his Maker; some fellow being crosses the river of death; and if we think of it, we may well wonder that it should be so long before our turn comes.

The Wear and Tear of Iron.

It is now evident that the bridge of the Lake Shore road, while strong enough for the test of weight, at the time of its construction, has since that time lost its strength. Ten years ago the art of building that class of iron bridges was, compared with the present, in its infancy. The fatal defect may have been in construction or in material or in both. There is a popular belief that iron or steel at low temperatures becomes brittle. Before the introduction of steel for rails, it will be remembered that they were constantly breaking during the cold season, sometimes with lamentable results. Not many years ago the iron roof of a railway station at Troy gave way, involving a considerable loss of life. It appears certain that cast iron can never to any extent be used in the construction of railway bridges, and that any iron with constant use and under daily pressure will lose something of its strength On the other hand, many and very thorough experiments by careful experts give no such result. Iron and steel have been subjected to the low temperatures which chemical mixtures afford, far below anything possible in an American winter, and while in that condition have been tested by every variety of strain. It is the firm conviction of those who have made these experiments, says the New York *Tribune*, that the metal is not in the least weakened by extreme cold, or even by frequent and great changes of temperature. There is also a theory current that frequent vibrations, such as are caused by passing trains, change in time the molecular constitution of the iron, rendering it more crystalline and brittle. This theory seems to be supported by the practice of condemning and discarding cannon that have been fired a certain number of times, though there is then no external evidence of their growing weakness. But it is replied to this that cannon are subjected to a strain which is far beyond the elasticity of metal, and it thus becomes permanently stretched. When the metal has been subjected to millions of blows and strains, each one of which was within its capacity for separate endurance, the closest tests reveals no change in its structure or strength. But here is the terrible fact before us; the bridge at Ashtabula gave way under a weight that was far below its nominal and tested breaking strains. That change has taken place during the ten or eleven years it has been in use. Whatever the laboratory experiments on the effects of cold or vibration may teach to the contrary, this disaster ought to and will confirm the popular belief, unless some different and more complete explanation can be afforded. The bridge, as now appears, could hardly have been safe for very heavy trains under any circumstances. In the weather of that bitter night it was no better than a trap.

The Esquimaux.

The Esquimaux are the most considerable remnant in northern regions of that nameless prehistoric race of fishers and hunters who once clung to the coasts and shores of Europe until they were pushed away into the holes and corners, and to the very verge and edge of the great continents of the earth, by the successive bands of the Aryan migrations. They once existed in England, France, Germany, Denmark, Sweden and Spain, in all of which they have left their traces in interments and implements, and laystalls and "kitchen-mixens." They were of Turanian race; and even at the present day they exist as Basks in the rugged mountains of Spain. In Sweden we find them as Lapps and Finns; and so on along the Russian coast there is a fringe of them that clings to the edge of the land on the shore of the frozen ocean. How the great division of this prehistoric family found their way to the vast and inhospitable regions in which they are now known to foreigners as Esquimaux, is open to doubt. The received theory now is that they were forced thither from the coasts both of Asia and America, across Behring's strait, by the migrations of Indian and Mongolian tribes; but it is at least as likely that these hardy savages, who are no where so happy as in their native tents, if they only have plenty of seal meat and blubber, have existed from time immemorial in the Arctic regions, and in this sense may claim to be as really autochthon and indigenous children of the soil, or rather of ice and snow, as any race on the face of the globe. But whether indigenous or not, there they are, a branch of the great Turanian family, and carrying with them in their speech the best evidence of their origin, in the affinity which their language bears to the Lapp, Bask, Hungarian and Turkish dialects of their common race. The reader, therefore, sees at once that these Esquimaux, whose existence—huddled up in snow and ice, condemned for half the year to a perpetual night, and with few or no wants beyond blubber—seems so wretched and miserable to civilized man, have attained to the dignity of being members of the great body politic of nations, and are by kinship cousins to some of the proudest and haughtiest peoples in the world. There is a Turkish proverb, we believe, which speaks of the pride of the Maygar as exceeding that of the peacock, and no doubt the Magyar repertory of wise saws, which embody the "wisdom of many in the wit of one," contains a saying as apposite to the Turks; but here we find that the Esquimaux are of the same race as both these peacocks, and we dare say, have quite as much right to pride themselves on their national characteristics.

A Bulgarian Appeal to the Czar.

The following is an extract from a Bulgarian appeal to the czar, which has just been sent to St. Petersburg:

"Oh, blessed czar! Millions of freed men bless thy name and render it immortal. Condescend to add to the glory encircling thy brow and liberate the Bulgarian nation. The Bulgarians have not forgotten that centuries ago the Russian Prince Svatoslay saved them from the Byzantines. To-day they entreat thee on their knees, oh, great Sovereign Alexander Nicolaivitch II., that thou wilt free them from the insupportable yoke of the Turk.

"Oh, great sovereign, look graciously upon this trodden down race and defend the defenseless. Bulgaria is the cradle of Slavonian orthodoxy, Slavonian language and Slavonian literature. Order thy gallant troops to liberate several millions of Bulgarians, groaning under a foreign yoke, and impressed by the common enemy to serve against their beloved brethren the Slavs. Place us in our appointed position in the great Slavonic family, and convince the world, and more especially diplomacy, that we are a healthy, honest and industrious race, and that we do not deserve to be looked down upon.

"Powerful orthodox czar! With tears in our eyes, we prostrate ourselves before thee, besecching thee to command thy valorous army to save unfortunate Bulgaria. If help is delayed, the Bulgarian race will disappear from the face of the earth, and our country become the home of the Circassian—a new Caucasus.

"Powerful, orthodox czar! Thou alone art able to right the Bulgarian. Give us arms, oh, gracious sovereign, and thou wilt see where is the Slavonian Ararat, and where the Slavonian ark. We are thy majesty's most obedient, humble and grateful servants."

The Mexican Tiger.

Mr. Hunter, of Brooklyn, some seven months ago procured from the captain of a sailing vessel a beast which he termed a Mexican tiger. It was young at that time, but was extremely vicious, and Mr. Hunter took the precaution to have its teeth extracted and its claws clipped as fast as they grew and then confined it in a strong wire cage. Recently an owl was added to Mr. Hunter's collection and was brought into the same room with the tiger. The result was disastrous. The tiger caught one glimpse of the owl, and his cage, which had theretofore been large enough to afford him a genteel promenade, suddenly became too small to contain him. For half a minute or so there was not a part of the interior of that cage in which the tiger was not distinctly visible all the time, and the noise of his snarling overflowed the room and deluged the sidewalk, attracting at once a number of bystanders. Presently, after shaking the wires of his cage till they seemed about to give away, he sprung at the door of it, which flew open and gave him egress.

At that moment, according to the testimony of a number of eye-witnesses, the air seemed to be full of that one tiger. The room was luminous with his presence, but he quickly focussed on the owl's cage, which he battered wildly in his attempt to get at the frightened inmate. The danger of meddling with the beast was not immediately apparent, as he is not much larger than the largest size of ordinary house cats, and an attempt was made by several to tear him away from the cage and restore him to his own quarters. It was only a momentary attempt, however, for as soon as he realized it he mastered the situation by selecting the largest of his assailants, a Mr. Baird, and springing on his back, he made his way through the substantial clothing and went into the flesh beneath. It would probably be difficult now to convince Mr. Baird that that tiger's claws were ever pared.

Mr. Baird is very stout and does not look like one given to rapid running, but his time from the store in the sample-room to the shuffle board room below has never been equaled. Re-enforcements arrived immediately, and by throwing a large bag over the tiger he was captured and put back into his cage, where he spent the remainder of the day in sullen exultation. Mr. Baird was not seriously injured.

Congressman Cox on Mr. Kerr's Belief.

Congressman S. S. Cox, in his eulogy on Michael C. Kerr, refers to his beliefs. He says of the ex-speaker: His reason and conscience were his religion. It was his habit to submit everything to this test. He squared his life with scrupulous reason. No temporal interest of his own or that of his family swerved him from following this guiding element of his character. He was a scholar; he was a disciple of the positive philosophy, devoted to the tenets of Herbert Spencer, John Stuart Mill, Comte and Buckle. His political science was drawn, as most political science is, from those of similar philosophic inclinations. Jeremy Bentham was his teacher, consciously or unconsciously. His ideas were not transcendental, but utilitarian. The bent of his mind was increased by his studies in this school of philosophy, but there was no unreasoning skepticism in his character. Despite his unwillingness to believe in anything miraculous or improbable, his heart was reverential before the great Omniscience. With him reason was the first born, and, though twin with faith, both inherited the blessing. If he had any bias in his mind it was toward reason, though his faith walked timidly hand in hand with it. It is said that the sun is reason, while faith is the lesser orb that shines by night. Michael C. Kerr made the great light to rule his busy day. How far the lesser ruled in the contemplations of the night only God knows. If faith shines only so long as she reflects some faint illumination from the brighter orb what casuistry shall discard this man's religious nature from the shrine of a true religion? * * *

His fame was not quenched by death, only his opportunity. It was said by Theodore Parker of Samuel Adams that he was not in one sense a Christian man, but one of Plutarch's men. So was Michael C. Kerr. His human worth can only be reckoned by the gravity of his loss to us in this perilous and anxious trial for the stability and genius of the government. If liberty through his death has lost from this hall of the people one of her purest devotees; if liberty, like Algernon Sydney, must go to the scaffold, yet from the scaffold she will ascend to another sphere where there is a better code of justice and right, and there in that realm who will give her less stinted welcome than the immortal spirit of Michael C. Kerr?

A Frightful Waste.

Cigars, which in 1863, according to the revenue returns in the United States, were reported only to the extent of 199,288,285, have now reached a point almost touching the two bill

Centre Reporter.

FRED. KURTZ.....EDITOR.

CENTRE HALL, PA., Jan. 25, 1877.

The removal of the state Capitol to Philadelphia is before the legislature, and the house committee has reported favorably. The people would have to decide the question by a vote. Philadelphia offers to furnish the buildings free. The Art Gallery is the building offered.

Ferry has been re-elected Senator from Michigan; so he can continue to be president of the senate, and in case of disagreement, President, which latter would suit him better than to ferry Hayes into the chair by counting the vote himself.

The women suffrageists—a lot of women who can't darn stockings nor cook a decent meal—are holding their convention in Washington just now, and will petition congress to give them the right to vote. It were well if some hungry Mormon would come and marry the whole bevy and take them to Salt Lake.

The Camerons have prevailed upon the radical legislature of this state to put on the the war paint—first, by ordering it to pass a set of revolutionary resolutions, endorsing the fraud of the returning boards. This was followed by a move to put Pennsylvania on a war footing, and to have one million dollars of the state funds appropriated for that purpose. The Camerons mean Hayes or a fight—or Hayes if must be through a fight, but none of the Cameron blood will flow, these conspirators will keep out of bullet's reach, and attend to fat contracts and plunder schemes, as they did during the late war which brought millions into their purses while they were shrieking for "loyalty" and "death to rebels" at a safe distance.

What requires warlike preparations now? Why these threats? It is all a conspiracy to defeat the expressed will of the people, and cheat Tilden out of his election as president. The Cameron gang do not like to surrender the offices they have held so long, they desire to continue in positions where they and their friends can keep on robbing the government. These war-pranks of the Winnebago tribe will not frighten a single democrat in Centre county nor in the state of Pennsylvania. If democrats believe Tilden fairly elected, they will insist upon his inauguration, and if the Camerons and their gang wish to have a fight about it the democracy will see they are accommodated. Our majority of 250,000 for Tilden is of itself enough to wipe out any army of dupes who may be mustered by the Cameron clan to defeat a fair election, and we will still have a reserve of 4 million votes to draw from after that.

We repeat, and predict, should the Camerons bring about a fight not one of them will be hurt in battle.

Cameron's war bill—for 1 million dollars—was lost in the republican legislative caucus at Harrisburg on 17. There are a few independent senators who can not be whipped in by the Cameron lash—two of these are Jones and Grady, of Philadelphia.

THE OLD FRAUD AGAIN.

Here it comes—the Legislative Record, six numbers in one bunch—was received by mail from Harrisburg on Saturday, just 15 days behind time—the legislature having assembled on 2 of January, and the law and the contract with the printer requiring that it should be mailed daily—the proceedings of each day to go out in the mails on the day following. This Record fraud has been carried on in this manner for years—rendering it of no service at all so far as any immediate use of it is concerned, for it brings you proceedings that have reached you weeks before by the daily journals. The thieving Bergners have had a fat thing in the Record job for a quarter of a century.

They are paid heavily for it out of the public funds, and they should at least be made to come up to time in having it sent out. They can do it, and get a princely sum for what they fail to do. This is an old complaint, and the legislature should strike a reform in the matter.

George F. Hoar was elected United States Senator from Massachusetts, to take the place of Boutwell, retired. The change is for the better.

Hon. Jas. W. Quiggle intends returning to the Clinton county bar.

Lock Haven was startled at the news that President Grant had appointed Thomas Reed as postmaster.

THE PLAN OF SETTLEMENT.

RADICAL REPUBLICANS TRYING TO DEFEAT THE MEASURE.

Washington, Jan. 19.—It has not been difficult to-day to find members of Congress who were ready to declare that they were opposed to the plan of determining the electoral votes reported yesterday, but it has been almost impossible to find one who believes that the measure will be defeated. Most of them talk and act as though the subject had been practically taken out of their hands. Many who yesterday declared themselves hostile to it have to-day indicated their intention to vote for it. There does not seem to be much reason to doubt that the bill will be adopted.

There have been some significant manifestations of opinion to-day on the bill. Yesterday the first expressions of opinion were more generally favorable to the measure among the Republicans than among the Democrats. The sober second thought of to-day has induced a number of Democrats to determine to support the bill who were at first confident that they would oppose it, while among the Republicans there is evidently an increasing doubt and hesitancy as to whether they can afford to support it. Morton and Sherman are reported to feel somewhat enraged to believe to-night that they can defeat the bill in the Senate, and the are rallying the Senators whom they hope to induce to vote against it. Sherman is particularly active, and evidently thinks Hayes cannot come in under the bill. He called a meeting of Ohio and other Republicans at his residence to night, and is working up the opposition to the bill.

It is plain that the Hayes coterie in both branches of Congress have taken the alarm and fear that Hayes will be thrown out by this tribunal. They will yield with the greatest possible reluctance the scheme of having the votes counted by the President of the Senate. It was the belief that this could be accomplished that has given the extreme Republicans so much confidence. On the other hand the extreme Democrats who have talked in favor of putting Tilden in anyhow are unquestionably more satisfied with the measure than they were at first, believing that it is much more likely to result in seating Mr. Tilden than Mr. Hayes.

The bill has the support of all the moderate men of both parties, and it is only the special friends of Hayes, like Dunford of Ohio, who persist in declaring themselves unalterably opposed to the bill. The Democratic members who were disposed to object to the bill on constitutional grounds have found their objections answered by the members of the committee which prepared it. Should the passage of the bill be delayed for several days, opposition to it will probably increase among strong partisans, but the manifestations of reluctance on either side to pass the bill will have the effect to strengthen it on the other, and if Mr. Hayes's friends show as much activity on opposing the bill for the next three days as they have do-day, the Democrats will probably become nearly unanimous for it.

VIEWS OF PROMINENT DEMOCRATS ON THE BILL.

Washington, January 21.—Prominent Democrats of the House, while favoring the plan of the Joint Committee as a basis for the settlement of the electoral question, say that an amendment will be introduced before giving it to their support. The amendment is in the direction of a judicial feature of the bill.

The Democratic caucus to-morrow will further consult upon the subject, and probably arrive at a conclusion as to the course they will pursue. There are many more members of both parties who do not give the bill their unqualified approval than there are members who unconditionally approve it. All want the subject fully discussed before final action. The general impression is that both houses will agree upon some plan for settling all questions connected with the electoral vote.

THE PRESIDENT WILL SIGN THE BILL.

It is ascertained to-day that the President has said it is his intention to sign the bill providing for counting the electoral vote in case it passed both Houses of Congress.

AN AGREEMENT REACHED.

The Committees of the Senate and House on 18, says the Pittsburg Post, gladdened the country by the intelligence that they had reached an agreement in the method to be pursued in counting the electoral vote and declaring the result. The submitted to each House a report accompanied by a bill for carrying into effect the plan agreed on. In the Senate Mr. Edmunds of Vermont and in the House, Mr. Payne of Ohio, announced they would press the bill to a decisive vote as soon as practicable. It was announced the report and bill had been concurred in by all the members of the two Committees except Senator Morton. In this connection it is pertinent to reprint the Committees.

Senate—Senators Edmunds, Morton, Conkling, Frelinghuysen, Republicans, and Thurman, Bayard and Ransom, Democrats.

House—Representatives Payne, Hewitt, Hunton, Springer, Democrats, and McCrary, Hoar, and Willard, Republicans.

In the first place, there is a complete abandonment of any claim that the President of the Senate has control over the electoral count. His duty is merely that of opening the certificates and asking if there is objection to the count of the votes returned. In case any electoral vote is objected to, a concurrent vote of both houses is required for its rejection. This to meet the cases of ineligible electors. But where there are two or more sets of returns, as in Florida, Louisiana, Oregon, and possibly South Carolina, and the two houses fail to agree which one shall be counted, the bill reported by the Committee provides for a commission of five Supreme Court Judges, five Senators and five Representatives, who are to be sworn (or impartially examine and consider all questions therein, agreeably to the Constitution and laws.") This commission is invested with the same powers over the count now possessed by the two houses of Congress, acting separately or together. They are to decide whether any or what votes from States with double returns are the votes provided for by the Constitution of the United States and what persons are appointed electors. The decision of the Commission must stand unless rejected by the concurrent vote of both houses. The States are to be counted in alphabetical order, and after one State is taken up, no protest or other papers from another State are to be acted on until the objections to the first State shall have been finally disposed of.

The Commission is to be constituted by the election of five Senators and five Representatives, by the viva voce vote of each house. The Supreme Judges named are the Judges for the first, third, eighth and ninth districts; which we believe include Judges Clifford of Maine, Field of California, Miller of Iowa and Strong of Pennsylvania. Judge Clifford is a Democrat, Field an Independent, and Strong and Miller Republicans. These Judges are to select from their associates on the bench a fifth Judge. They will have Judges Davis Swayne Bradley and Hunt to chose from. This plan to secure a fifth member was adopted in lieu of the lottery feature. Judge Clifford, as the oldest Judge in commission, is to be President of the Commission.

These are the striking features of the bill reported, and which we have little doubt, judging by its strength in the Committees, will become a law. It involves no compromise or surrender of convictions, and suggests what seems to us as near an impartial and fairly constituted tribunal as it is possible to obtain in this country at this time. There will be five Democrats and five Republicans in the Congressional part of the Commission, while the politics of the Supreme Judges are or should be a tradition rather than a fact. We defer further comment for the present.

GRANT OF '76 CONDEMNS GRANT OF '76.

The whole subject of Executive interference with the affairs of a State is repugnant to public opinion, to the feeling of those who, from their official capacity, must be used in such interposition, and to him or those who must direct. Unless most clearly on the side of law, such interposition is a crime; with the law to support it, it is condemned without a hearing. I desire, therefore, that all necessity for Executive direction in local affairs shall become unnecessary and obsolete. I invite the attention, not only of Congress, but of the people of the United States, to the causes and effects of these unhappy questions.—President Grant's Message, December, 1874.

WHAT DON CAMERON SAID TO REILLY.

Washington correspondence Richmond Dispatch. Last session the Democrats voted with reluctance for the bill authorizing an increase of the army, as it was suspected the soldiers would be used to influence the elections in the South. After the adjournment of Congress, when troops were ordered to surround the ballot boxes in South Carolina and Louisiana, Mr. Reilly, of Pennsylvania, who is a member of the committee on military affairs, and had actively urged the passage of the bill, called on the Secretary of War and protested against the breach of faith by the government. The Secretary, not pretending to justify the use of troops in the South on any other ground, coolly replied: "Well, sir, we're going to carry those States if it is possible to get them."

PACKARD'S WANING POWER.

New Orleans, January 19.—There seems to be no doubt that the Packard government is dying of inanition. The forces with which Packard pretends to maintain his authority are reduced to fifty military men and about 200 Metropolitan policemen. The policemen are on the verge of revolt on account of deficiency of pay. Great efforts have been made to raise money, and the sum of $125 was promised to each man today, but where the money is to come from nobody can conjecture. Even the Kellogg tax collectors refuse to turn over the funds in their hands to the pretended government. It is expected today that several members of the Packard House are about to come over, but this has been for some days anticipated, and it is no doubt true that at least twelve are ready to secede from Packard as soon as they find that they cannot elect Warmoth to the Senate.

—Lamar Mills P. O., in Clinton county has been changed to Mackeyville. Elk county in this district should also have its name changed and be called Mackey, in honor of our distinguished congressman for whom it cost an almost unanimous vote.

The Warren damsels have determined to give the cold shoulder to young men who frequent billiard rooms and saloons.

POOR CHARLOTTA!

London Correspondence. From Brussels we receive sad intelligence in regard to the poor Empress Charlotte. Dr. Blatkans, who has been at the head of insane asylums for many years, and through whose judicious management thousands have been saved from mental death, pronounces the Empress Charlotte incurable. Her folly is strange. She refuses to believe in the existence of those around her, whilst, on the other hand, she imagines a world of her own, with which she lives, talks and enjoys herself. To those actually surrounding her she never speaks. She attends to her own toilet, dresses her own hair in old-fashioned puffs, and separates herself, as it were, from all contact with humanity. Her memory is certain things is, however, wonderful. She orders her dinners in writing, and if any change be made, or a dish not to her taste, she notices it at once, and writes her reproaches, which she deposits in one place, where she expects to find an answer next day. She imagines herself Empress of Mexico, and Maximilian is, to her mind, absent only for a short time. Her health is good, and her beauty augmented by this strange, unnatural tranquility of mind. Everything is done to confirm this, even to having a single example of the Gotha Almanac published for her, in which the Empire of Mexico holds its place, quite as though everything had been going on happily for her since 1867!

A RACE FOR LIFE.

Burlington Hawkeye.—A couple of tramps waylaid a wealthy farmer in Louisa County last week, and springing out upon him demanded his money or his life. He showed them a clean pair of heels, and they went at it. They chased him half a mile down through the roughest lane they ever stumbled over, then the whole crowd dashed through a briar hedge and went panting and sweating across an old cornfield, then the chase struck for the woods and went weezing up a steep hill, while the tramps pressed hard after him with bloodshot eyes and shortened breath, then the retreating farmer dashed across a frozen creek, and the tramps following broke through, but got out and chased the fugitive through a blackberry patch, across a forty-acre stubble field, over another hill, down a ravine, across a stump-field, and finally they overhauled him in the road, searched him, and found that he didn't have a nickel—not a solitary red cent. And if they weren't the maddest tramps!

SMALL-POX IN LONDON.

London, Jan. 10.—According to the Registrar-General's return, the death from small-pox rose last week to 116, against 75 the previous week. The Metropolitan hospitals contained 850 small-pox patients on Saturday last, against 823 the previous Saturday. About 200 cases were refused admission during the week, all available beds being occupied.

Accounts from the Black Hills indicate that there will be extreme destitution among the gold hunters this winter and very likely, some cases of actual starvation. A few men have made lucky hits, and brought away gold of considerable value; but these have been exceptional cases, for the majority of those who went into that region expecting to find nuggets at every turn have failed utterly in their expectations, and are now unable either to buy food or to get away. How these are to live through the winter is a mystery, for the season for mining is over and not one in fifty of them will get employment, even when they are willing to work for only their board. The middle of last month provisions were selling at extravagant prices, flour being worth $16 per hundred, bacon thirty-five cents per pound, and other things in proportion. The country is overrun with men who are absolutely penniless, and whose only hope for relief lies in getting money from their friends at home.

Mr. Cozwell, the eminent English aeronaut, endorses the opinion that the North Pole may be reached by balloons under favorable circumstances and during comparatively mild weather.

Beecher and Tilton rode together in a palace car on the New York Central Railroad. No other passengers were in the car, yet they did not avail themselves of this first-class opportunity to fight a duel.

A dispatch from New York states that the notable event of the day on the street is that the bank average of gold in the weekly statement is $3,000,000 higher than the greenback average. Such a thing has not happened since the original issue of greenbacks in 1862.

The members of the Louisiana Returning Board are to be brought to the bar of the House, and compelled to answer for contempt. The Republican brethren are shocked to think of such a violation of State rights. They have no hesitation about violating State rights to do a wrong, but they consider the forms of law sacred when they protect fraud.

A California well caved in on a California digger, and he was under the dirt for three days. He asked for fried eggs when taken out, and then inquired if Tilden had yet been sworn in. It seemed as though he had been buried two months.

We notice that our Senator, Hon. S. R. Peale, has been placed on the following important Committees, viz: Federal Relations, Judiciary Local, and Canals and Inland Navigation.

A young lady in this place made her bashful lover a very appropriate Christmas present. It was a motto worked on bristol-board, and reads as follows; "I need thee every hour." Of course she does; and if the bashful and indolent object of her affection does not take the hint, he should be cowhided.

ACQUITED.—Jacob Simmitt, who had been on trial several days at Sunbury for the killing of Edward Skiverton, at Beaver Dale, on Saturday, December 16, was acquited. Skiverton and Flemming attacked Simmitt's house, and the latter shot Skiverton in the stomach, inflicting a fatal wound.

A tramp was struck by a locomotive of a passenger train at Spruce Creek on Saturday Dec. 30th, and instantly killed. He was in search of work and was in company with a comrade. He had $500 in money and a bank book showing deposits of money in his possession when searched.

HE WON'T TELL.

New York, Jan. 17.—Dr. Phelps, the witness to the May-Bennett duel, was before the grand jury to-day, and refused to answer all questions on the ground that his answers would criminate him in this or other states, and was discharged until to-morrow morning.

The fire which broke out in Lykens valley Mines on January 1st is gradually diminishing, it is now believed that the damage will not be as great as at first feared.

The boss oil well in Butler county is the Haines, Waugh & Porter well, on the Banks farm. It is doing 85 barrels in 24 hours.

Boston, Jan. 8.—At half past one o'clock on Sunday morning, thirty miles off Cape May, the steamer Seminole collided with the Montgomery, sinking the latter in six minutes. Four passengers, all that were on board, and nine of the crew went down with the ill-fated craft, and nineteen of the crew were saved by the Seminole and landed in this city this evening. The night was dark and foggy. Neither steamer was seen by the other until the moment the crash came. The Montgomery was en route from New York to Havana, and the Seminole was making her regular trip from Savannah to Boston.

Things look warlike in Europe. Russia and Turkey are making military preparations. Turkey has rejected the propositions tendered by other powers for the adjustment of difficulties.

Philadelphia, Jan. 5.—In the United States circuit court to day in the matter of the distribution of the fund in the hands of the centennial board of finance which is to be argued to morrow, the state of New Jersey, by Secretary of State H. C. Kelso, distribution of the fund should be first applied in payment of the capital stock, and that any surplus thereafter shall then be paid to the government.

The scientific world is greatly interested in the statement the United States ship of-war Gettysburg, in a voyage from Fayal to Gibraltar, discovered an immense coral reef, located in latitude 36 deg. 30 min. N. and longitude 11 deg. 28 min. W. Until the discovery of the Gettysburg the existence of of the reef had never been suspected. The reef has been thoroughly surveyed, and the despatches show that the delicate and valuable pink coral so highly prized by the world of fashion in all ages, will be found in immense quantities. The finer shades of this coral excel in value, by weight, that of pure gold—selling at from $15 to $40 per ounce.

SWEPT AWAY BY THE ICE.

THE FATE WHICH OVERTOOK A LARGE SHARE OF PITTSBURG'S WEALTH.

Nine Steamboats and 400 Coal Barges Destroyed, Involving a Loss of $3,000,000.

[Special Despatch to the World.]

Pittsburg, Pa., January 14—One of the greatest disasters that ever befel the river interests of this city happened this morning, involving a loss that will probably reach, if it does not exceed $3,000,000. Yesterday, in consequence of the thaw and rain, the upper waters of the Monongahela began to rise and about noon immense gorges of ice began to form at Brownsville and vicinity, some forty miles south of the point. Behind these gorges the water rose at the rate of five or six feet per hour, breaking them and forcing them down the river, where they would again form and make a temporary stand. As they progressed they swept every kind of craft from their moorings, crushing and sinking them. This immense mass of ice and debris reached here at 6 o'clock this morning, clearing the wharf and doing immense damage. Some sixty steamers were at this port, and had they not had steam up and been fully prepared for the crush would have all been lost. As it was nine steamers were broken up and totally lost, and about twenty more damaged to a greater or less extent. About four hundred coal-boats and barges were wholly destroyed. The coal boats and barges lay in the pools above the city and were destroyed by running over the dams of the Slackwater Company, which suffers heavily from broken dams. Nearly half of them were laden and the loss of coal is estimated at from three to four million bushels. The steamers lost are the Chieftain and Bonnet, of the Brownsville Packet Company the Lion, the Charley Brown, the Sam. Miller, the Relief, the Joe Warner, the Jim Brown and the Alex. W. Foster. The heaviest losses are estimated as follows among the coal men: W. H. Brown & Co., $125,000; Jos. Walton, $100,000; O'Niell & Co., $85,000; Woods & Co, $100,000; J. D. Risher &Co., $110,000; Fawcett & Co., $80,000; J. W. Clark & Co., $100,000; J. B. Sneathen & Co., $95,000. This includes steamers, boats, barges, coal tipples, coal, &c. Other parties will lose in sums from $10,000 to $20,000. The Ohio is now heavily gorged below the city, and it is feared that the destruction of property will be great at lower points. The loss of life was small only three or four fatalities being reported, but there were many miraculous escapes. The ice is piled up twenty and thirty feet in places. The Allegheny River did not break up, a circumstance that saved millions of property and many lives, as both rivers gorging at once would have submerged, large portions of Pittsburg and Allegheny.

Elsewhere on the Ohio.

Cincinnati, O., January 14.—The movement of the ice in the Ohio River has been almost general from Pittsburg to Cairo entailing heavy losses, chiefly upon the owners of coal boats and barges. A despatch from North Bend, twelve miles below here, reports over two hundred coal barges passing there in the ice to-day.

THE RECENT DUEL.

Another Account by an Eye Witness—May Pulls the Trigger but Misses Fire, When Bennett Mercifully Spares His Life.

New York, January 18.—The Tribune publishes the first accurate narrative of the Bennett-May duel. It's the story of an eye witness who says: The first shot fell to May. The arrangements having been completed the principals took their positions at a distance of about twelve yards apart. The pistols were loaded and handed to them, and the seconds retired to one side. Then came the question, "Are you ready?" Immediately and before the "one" could be given Mr. May raised his pistol, took a hasty aim, and pulled the trigger, but the weapon missed fire. On receiving the intimation that it was his turn, Mr. Bennet raised his pistol and cried, scornfully, "I could kill you now, if I wished," and pointing it into the air, fired quickly.

The duelists then saluted one another, when suddenly overcome by shame and mortification, to the utmost amazement of all present, Frederick May turned and hurried away, unable longer to face his disgrace. No words passed between the principals at any time during the meeting except Mr. Bennet's remark when he fired his pistol in the air.

As soon as the retreating duelist was out of sight, the rest of the party returned to the railroad station Mr. May betrayed a nervousness strangely at variance with his reputation as a cool and acurate marksman.

Mr. Bennett on the other hand, showed no signs of trepidation, either in speech or manner, and from the first seemed to look upon the meeting rather as a disagreeable than dangerous occurrence.

E. S. Doty, Esq., of Mifflintown sends each poor family of that town a $5 bill as Christmas gift.

Mr. Daniel F. Beatty, manufacturer and proprietor of the Beatty Piano and Beatty's celebrated Golden Tongue Parlor Organs, Washington, N. J., is certainly a very reasonable and generous man to transact business with. He makes this very fair proposition to any who may favor him with an order, as follows: "If the instrument does not prove satisfactory after a test trial of five days after receiving it the purchase money will be refunded upon the return of the instrument, and he will pay freight charges both ways." This is certainly an exceeding, generous, and safe manner in which to transact business with him. He warrants his instruments for six years. See his advertisement. July 20 y

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—

In the matter of the distribution of the money in the hands of the administrators of the estate of Hon. S. S. Wolf, dec'd. The auditor appointed by the Orphan's Court of Centre county, to distribute the money in the hands of the administrators as shown by their account filed to and among those legally entitled to receive the same, will meet the parties interested at his office in Bellefonte, on Monday, the 21st of February, 1877, at 10 o'clock, when and where all parties interested can attend if they see proper.

3t J. L. SPANGLER, Auditor.

GETTING THE TRUTH OUT OF RETURNING BOARD WELLS.

HE DOES NOT KNOW OF A SINGLE CASE OF INTIMIDATION.

Yet He Throws out 13,000 Tilden Votes.

At Washington on 20, J. Madison Wells, President of the Louisiana Returning Board, was examined by Mr. Field.

Mr. Field asked the witness to state whether the record he refused to produce showed the whole number of votes cast in Louisiana; and the witness replied he could not say, as he had not charged his memory with it.

Q. Can you give the number within a thousand?

A. I have no recollection.

The witness having spoken of intimidation to prevent Republicans from voting as a reason for throwing out votes, he was asked by Mr. Field whether he knew of a single voter having been prevented from voting by intimidation. He answered he had none in his mind.

Q. Do you know of a single man who voted contrary to his wishes because of intimidation?

A. I cannot recall one.

VERY USEFUL TO EVERY ONE.

In no other way can a person get back so large a profit for a very little money, as to expend it in learning what to do, when and how to it—in other words, to have his brains help his hands. Here is one way to do this: The small saving or less than half a cent a day, or three cents a week, will now procure a large, beautiful, clean Journal, for all of 1877, splendidly Illustrated, with over 600 fine original Engravings, and over a Thousand Columns of the very best, plain, practical, trustworthy information about the every day in-door and out-door work and comfort of every home, in country, village and city. This information is not prepared by mere scribblers, but by a large force of intelligent working men and women, who know what they write about, and they are assisted by many others, who furnish information from their own practice and observation. Such a journal is the American Agriculturist, so named because started 25 years ago as a rural journal, but since greatly enlarged and improved to suit the daily wants of every man, woman and child in city, country and village—for the Farmer and Gardener, the Merchant and Mechanic, the Professional Man—indeed all classes. It is packed full of useful information that every one ought to have. Many single hints and suggestions will repay more than a whole year's cost of the paper. Its original engraved plans for buildings and improvements, with details of cost, etc., and common sense directions, are worth, for more than a majority of the costly works on architecture to which Great care is exercised to have every line in the paper reliable. Its constant, persistent, and full exposure of a multitude of Humbugs and swindles, are alone worth far more than its cost, and has saved to—and to the country millions of dollars that would have gone into the hands of sharpers. The Departments for Housekeepers and Children are very useful and entertaining. In short, the American Agriculturalist is full of good things, and ought to be in every house in the land. The circulation is so large that the Publishers can supply it at little above the cost of the printing paper or $1.60 a year, sent post paid; or four copies $5.40. Take our advice and send your subscription for 1877 (Vol. 36) to Orange Judd Company, 245 Broadway New York. You will find it will pay, and pay well.

The price of the American Agriculturist, post-paid, is $1.60 a year; and of the Reporter is $2.00, but will send the TWO papers to any address, one year, postage paid, for $2.10.

For the Reporter.

MARRIED.

On the 7 inst, by Rev. Kiinenight, Mr. James Young, of Potter township, Centre county, Pa. to Miss Anna Falgats from near Orangeville Stephenson county, Ill.

Now Jim, you must see whether your shovel will scour or not, as marrying is not the last of it—there is always something else with this game. Watch the hands as they are dealt out as some may steal cards and you not know it, now make your paint brush get around in good season, you may have some callets before long and no hash on the table, Anna you must stop and think that you are not in the milliner shop handling ribbons and laces but dishes and pans is your lot. The Youngs have our best wishes—a happy and prosperous life is wished for them. We say thanks for a piece of the wedding cake. K. Y. J.

—We would esteem it an especial favor if every friend of the Reporter would send us the name of at least one subscriber, with the Cash—for three months 50 cents, six months $1.00, and one year $2. Reader, won't you try and do us this little favor, and will repay you by improving the Reporter. Send us the names of six new subscribers, with the Cash, and we will send you the Reporter one year free.

MR. BURNHAM, THE REVIVALIST.

His First Stirring Sermon Before a New York Audience.

At the Seventeenth Street Methodist Church, Rev. C. E. Burnhare, the New England evangelist, took for the subject of his discourse "Visions." "The Bible," said the speaker, "presents to us two kinds of visions—viz: those seen when the senses are normal and those seen in a trance. The first suggestion of the vision is that humanity has need of something above itself—something to do good. Suppose a great scholar had been on the plains of Bethlehem, he could not have told what was seen by the simple shepherds; nor yet a profound reasoner, for it would have been beyond him; but yet an angel came to the shepherds, and he had no sooner delivered his message than the heavens rang with music. Angels were present, and sung while Jesus was born, and they will sing once more. I don't know how many times more, but once, surely. You know when that will be. When I look into the heavens I sometimes see visions and then I feel like the little boy that said: 'Mother! mother!' What a beautiful place heaven must be. Just look at its light shining through the gimlet holes! An angel can't come here but that humanity is afraid of it. Let me ask you, would you like to meet an angel? No, probably not. I wouldn't have been glad once, but now I long to do so. Love makes the change. Don't fear the angels. When the devil works there is cause for fear. It is this same when people, nations or rulers work; but when an angel of God works it is all right. The vision always suggests love. I heard an echo this morning—that is, in my imagination. 'What on earth is this?' said I's pedestal for the manifestation of pride, sin and corruption.' What has God to say to this! 'Behold! I bring you good tidings.' And the echo answered, 'Good tidings! good tidings!' 'But,' said I, 'do you call this good tidings!' and the echo answered, 'Good tidings!' Oh, blessed is God, for He is love. Have you a heart to trust Him with contempt?

"The vision is of divine condescension. Imagine the founder of a new religion lying in a manger. Yet that is where he was found, as though heaven would say, 'Go up to go down; be obscure to rise; be humble if you would reign over worlds.' The great mountain mass begins in the molecule. God deals in particles. It was the little babe in the manger that brought the shepherds from the field and the men of science from their studies. The vision is of divine faithfulness. Will God sometime pick up all that belongs to him in his world? Yes. The heavens may fall the laws of nature may fall, but God's truth cannot be changed. Everything he has done should be looked at. The great as well as the small. The heirs of your head, the clothes on your back or the shoes on your feet. Faithfulness implies salvation—salvation all along the route. We cut the work of salvation into two or three parts, when God was born, when he was on the cross and by and by. The first step of salvation is the salvation of a man's mind from stupidity. It also reaches after the vain and profligate; it reaches into every phase of society. As long as there is evil in a man, this work cannot benefit him. When a man can say, 'I hate evil,' he is on a fair road to salvation. What? not until then? Certainly not! As though sin could go into partnership with Jesus; as though hell could go into partnership with heaven, as though the devil could go into partnership with God Almighty! The moment a man says, 'I want to lead wholly for God,' he is on the road to run. Truly the redeemed men shall say to death: 'Where is thy sting?' and to the grave. 'Where is thy victory?' Every day when I am at home I go to the cemetery and lean over the tablet erected to the memory of my boy. On the top I carved: 'Dear Fred,' and on the bottom, 'He is with Jesus.'"

Here the speaker paused to wipe the tears from his eyes, while many of the congregation wept audibly. In a moment he continued: "Oh my dear friends, I can easily believe that he who can care for the body can care for the soul."

KEEPING THE SABBATH HOLY.

Rev. Dr. Taylor's Sermon Before the Sabbath Committee.

Rev. Wm. M. Taylor, D. D., in the Tabernacle, by invitation of the Sabbath Committee, on "the Sabbath." The Secretary of the committee, Mr. Atterbury, read a statement about the work that this committee were engaged in. It was composed of twenty gentlemen from different religious organizations and from business, and represented a large constituency who desired that the Sabbath should be a civil as well as a religious holiday. Twenty years ago things were in a very bad way as far as observing Sunday was concerned, and it was clear that something must be done to cure the evil. So thirty-eight gentlemen signed an address, calling a meeting to consider the matter. The meeting was very largely attended, and a committee of twenty were appointed, one half of whose members still serve. The result of action adopted was to direct public attention to the evil by means of the pulpit and the press. Thus it was shown that on Sunday there were 25 per cent. more arrests for drunkenness than on week days. From 1867 to 1872 there was a strictly enforced Sunday law, and the Sunday arrests fell off from 25 per cent. above the workday average to 44 per cent. below. Mr. Atterbury said that the closing of the Centennial on Sunday was mainly due to their efforts. After a hymn had been sung, Dr. Taylor preached. He took his text from St. Mark ii., 27, 28. During Christ's ministry he had been accused of breaking the Sabbath. He had replied to these accusations in two ways. First, by the right of divine being. The Sabbath was ordained for the good of man and it is our duty to exert on that or any other day our whole energy to help a fellow man in distress. The priests, in the Temple profaned the Sabbath and were held blameless. Oxen and asses should be fed and we should pull out of the pit the sheep that had fallen into it. This was the other way he answered the accusations. It is right and it is our duty to do good on any day. The Sabbath is a means and not an end. It is a divine institution without natural boundaries; it is not different from other days: in fact, the night would seem to be the natural resting time of the day. The changes in the moon are visible to the most careless observer, from these come the division of months; from the apparent motion of the sun come the divisions of years and seasons; but with the week it is otherwise; there is nothing that could have arisen naturally to men. Still this division is found among the Egyptians, the Romans, the Asiatics. It came from primeval times, from a revelation from God to man. Among the Jews, the Sabbath was covered with burdensome restrictions, but when Christ came he threw them off, and it stood forth on its ancient footing as a gift of God to man. It was designed as a barrier to keep man from self destruction by too much devotion to business or to pleasure, and as such was given rather as a kindness than as a caprice. He who comes home tired and dispirited on Saturday night, after a Sunday well spent, starts of on Monday with new strength. Of all classes working men should keep the Sabbath best. No human government has the rights to compel a strict observance of this day by fines and punishment, but every citizen has the right to demand that he should not be disturbed in his observance of it. It would be well if the law should, on the currently civil reasons, order a cessation of business as on popular holidays. There would be no violation of man's liberty in this. And there we should leave it.

LIFE, GROWTH, BEAUTY.
LONDON HAIR COLOR Restorer.

LONDON HAIR COLOR Restorer

Not a dye; makes harsh hair soft and silky; cleanses the scalp from all impurities, causing the hair to grow where it has fallen off or become thin.

Can be applied by the hand as it does not stain the skin or soil the finest linen. As a Hair Dressing it is the most perfect the world has ever produced. The hair is renovated and strengthened, and natural color restored without the application of mineral substances.

Since the introduction of this truly valuable preparation into this country, it has been the wonder and admiration of all classes, as it has proved to be the only article that will absolutely without deception, restore gray hair to its original color, health softness, lustre and beauty, and produces hair on bald heads of its original growth and color.

This beautiful and fragrantly perfumed article is complete within itself, no washing or preparation before or after its use, or accompaniment of any kind being required to obtain these double results.

HERE IS THE PROOF OF ITS

Superior Excellence.

Read this Home Certificate, testified to by Edward D. Garrigues one of the most competent Druggists and Chemists of Philadelphia, a man whose veracity none can doubt.

I am happy to add my testimony to the great value of the "London Hair Color Restorer," which restored my hair to its original Color, and the hue appears to be permanent. I am satisfied that this preparation is nothing like a dye but operates upon the secretions. It is also a beautiful hair dressing and promotes the growth. I purchased the first bottle from Edward B. Garrigues, druggist, Tenth and Coates St., who can also testify that my hair was quite gray when I commenced its use.

MRS. MILLER, 730 North 9st. Phila.

Dr. Swayne & Son, Respected friends:—I have the pleasure to inform you that a lady of my acquaintance, Mrs. Miller, is delighted with the success of your "London Hair Color Restorer." Her hair was falling rapidly, and quite gray. The color has been restored, the falling off entirely stopped, and a new growth of hair is the result.

E. B. GARRIGUES,
Druggist, cor. Tenth & Coates, Phil.

London Hair Color Restorer & Dressing.

Has completely restored my hair to its original color and youthful beauty, and caused a rapid and luxuriant growth.

MRS. ANNIE MORRIS,
No. 616 North Seventh St. Phila.

Dr. Dalton of Philadelphia, says of it: The London Hair Color Restorer is used very extensively among my patients and friends, as well as by myself. I therefore speak from experience.

75 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

Address orders to Dr. SWAYNE & SON, 330 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia, Penn'a., sole Proprietors.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Saved His Life.

ONE OF THE MOST REMARKABLE CURES ON RECORD:

DR. SWAYNE—Dear Sir: I feel it to be due to you and suffering humanity, to give the following testimony respecting the wonderful curative power of WILD CHERRY, and SARSAPARILLA and TAR PILLS." I was afflicted with a violent cough, pains in the side and breast, night sweats, sore throat; my bowels were costive, appetite nearly gone, and my stomach so very weak that my physician was at a loss to know what to do for me, as everything I used in the shape of medicine was rejected; spit different times a pint of blood. I remained for months in this awful condition, and gave up all hopes of ever recovering. At this time you recommended the use of your Syrup and Pills, which immediately began to soothe comfort and allay the cough, strengthened and healed my lungs; in short, it has made a perfect cure of me. Any person doubting the truth of the above statement, will please call, or address me at the factory, or at my residence.

EDWARD H. HAMSON,
No. 1533 Germantown Road Philadelphia, Foreman at George Sweeney's Pottery, Ridge Road, below Wallace, Philadelphia. Be very particular to ask for

DR. SWAYNE'S
COMPOUND SYRUP OF
WILD CHERRY.

The most effectual remedy known for the

Throat, Breast and Lungs.

This valuable Medicine is prepared only by
Dr. SWAYNE & SON,
330 North Sixth St. PHILADELPHIA.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
11 May. y.e o w.

Valentines & Co's New Store!

Valentines & Co.'s
STORE.
Humes' New Block
BELLEFONTE, PA.

New Store,
New Goods,
Largest Stock,
Best Assortment,
Lowest Prices.
Fair Dealing,
Dry Goods,
Fancy Goods,
Boots, Shoes,
Hats,
Caps,
Clothing,
Groceries,
Wooden and
Willow,
Glass and
Queensware,
All new and desirable goods at prices below what you are in the habit of paying. We have one price, never misrepresent anything and makegood goods a specs iality; it will prove to your advantage to satisfy yourselves by personal inspection that the above statement contains nothing but facts.

Country Produce taken in trade at full market value.

VALENTINES & CO'S, Prop'rs.
H. HERMAN, Manager. 18jan

Call and see us. We study to please.

New FIRM—New Enterprise—
NEW GOODS.

IsaacD. Boyer
(SUCCESSOR TO B. F. PHILIPS.)
AARONSBURG, PA.

We have just returned from the Eastern Cities, where we purchased at CASH PRICES, a full line of

DRY GOODS, BOOTS & SHOES,
NOTIONS, QUEENSWARE,
GROCERIES, HARDWARE,
WILLOW WARE,
and a general variety of MERCHANDISE.

We do not deem it necessary to state prices here, but invite you to come and see us and we will convince you that we have as fine a lot of goods and sell as cheap as any house in Centre county. nov 16y

-GRAIN ELEVATOR-

SHORTLIDGE & CO,
BELLEFONTE, PA.

Have erected a new GRAIN ELEVATOR on their Coal Yard and are buying grain

AT THE HIGHEST PRICES,

in cash on delivery, for

WHEAT,
CORN,
RYE,
OATS,
CLOVER SEED &C.,

Unloading is done more easily and more promptly than any other place in town which makes the NEW ELEVATOR the

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

THURSDAY JAN. 25 1877.

LODGE MEETINGS.

CENTRE HALL LODGE, No. 895, I. O. of O. F. meets every Saturday evening in the Odd Fellows Hall.
J. M. GILLILAND, Sec't. H. P. SANKEY, A. G.

OLD FORT LODGE, No. 337, F. A. M., meets on Monday evening, on or after each full moon in the Odd Fellows Hall.
C. F. HERLACHER, Sec't. W. B. MINGLE, W. M.

PROGRESS GRANGE, P of H, meets on Saturday afternoon on or after each full moon, at their Hall.
J. J. ARNEY.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Our friends will oblige by sending us items of local news in their locality, give us the facts only, and we will put them in shape, also notices of deaths and marriages.

Any one sending us the names of five new Subscribers, with the *cash*, will be entitled to receive the REPORTER one year free.

The REPORTER being read by nearly every body on this side of the county, where it has a larger circulation than any two papers, will be found the best medium for advertising business, sales, &c. &c.

☞Subscribers to the REPORTER, residing outside of Centre county, should remit us 10 cents, yearly, for postage which we will pay here; this reduces the postage to one half, as the sum paid by them for one year's postage was 20 cts.

—The Reporter office has been removed and will be found nearly opposite the post-office.

—Lincoln Butter Powder, makes butter sweet and hard, and quicker to churn Try it—for sale at Wm Wolf's store.

—FOR SALE.—A new cushioned, two-seated sleigh, for one or two horses. Apply at this office.

—Lancaster Ginghams, 10c per yard at Boyer's, Aaronsburg. 3t

—1000 CHICKENS WANTED,—for which I will pay seven cents per pound in cash. Chickens to be delivered at Pleasant Gap on the 29 or 30 of January, 1877.
2t R. P. BARNES.

—George Breon of Milroy, has rented the Spring Mills hotel.

—Concert in Penn Hall academy, Sat. eve, 27, by the Centre Hall brass band. If you wish to hear excellent music, attend.

—On last Friday morning the dwelling of D C. Keller in this place came near getting into flames. The stove-pipe became detached on the garret, causing the roof to take fire, and burning a hole through it. The timely discovery and assistance, put a stop to further damage.

—Mr. John M. Swartz, of Twin Grove, Wis., writes us: Winter commenced middle of November, and we had no thaw since that time. We had a little snow all along to keep up fair sleighing until last Thursday, 4, when it commenced to snow and storm, continuing for two days. Roads are blocked and trouble suspended.

—Patent desk slates, mottoes, picture frames, and a thousand other useful and fancy articles, can be had at Welch's book store, 1 door below the 1st Nat. Bank Bellefonte. By reading Mr Welch's new advertisement in the Reporter you will see description and prices of some of his goods. He has one of the handsomest stores in the state—sells cheap—and can furnish the most complete and improved school outfit or any thing in the line of books, stationary or fancy or toy articles desired.

—Jacob Deeter, of Hartley township, shot ten deer this season. Too much deer for one man.

—A Musical Jubilee at Salona in the Lutheran church, Monday evening, February 5th, will open a joyous week, to be closed Saturday night with a concert. The Jubilee will be conducted by Prof. W. T. Meyer, the well known composer, assisted by Miss Clara Keyes of Beech Creek, Messrs. Philip and Lowell Meyers of Centre Co., and others, including Mr. B. F. Kister, a very fine piccolo player.

—Let Centre county farmers always bear in mind that they get their full money's worth in whatever they purchase at Hoffer & Klines, who have the most extensive store in the county and the most complete stock of dry goods, groceries, ready made clothing, hats, caps, boots, shoes &c.

—A Laurelton correspondent of the Mifflinburg Telegraph, gives the following account of a death by freezing on 15.

Last Monday afternoon Mrs. Mitchel, wife of George Mitchel, who lives somewhere on the top of Jack's mountain—far away from any other habitation—started from the house of Peter Kiester to walk home—a distance of about 7 miles. The last two miles of the way was an unbroken field of snow, knee deep. Leaving the main road she started to break her way through; but when she was about half a mile from home she fell down exhausted, and froze to death. The marks in the snow show that she fell down several times before, but got up again and went a little further, and at last crawled along on her hands and knees till she fell with her face in the snow never to rise again. There she lay from Monday evening till Friday night, when she was found by a party of men who went out with lanterns to hunt her. They followed her tracks in the snow till they came to where she lay in the embrace of death. She was 60 years of age, and was buried in the Laurelton grave yard last Sunday afternoon. Some may wonder why she was not missed sooner. She was on a visit to her relatives and friends along the creek, and was to remain with them till her husband came for her, but she became tired, and the weather being mild that day, she determined to start for home. Her friends, of course, thought she had got home safely; and her husband thought she was still with her friends. So, she was not missed until he came for her on Friday.

—Thaw and rain Saturday and Sunday. Cold since. Roads icy and sleighing good.

Gregg township talks of having a new school house near the tollgate.

—Laurelton has a brass band.

—PUBLIC SALES.—Mr. George Koch, of Centre Hall, has first class ability in crying sales. If you wish a good sale, you must have a good Auctioneer, and if you employ Mr. Koch, he will render the utmost satisfaction, and at the most reasonable charges. Apply to him early if you wish to secure him. George is fully up to the business from past experience.
18 jan 3m.

—Poplin Alpacca dress goods, 25c per yard, at I. D. Boyer's, Aaronsburg. 3t

—Oysters by the quart at Spriegings's crab store, Centre Hall, Pa. tf

—ALL KINDS OF LUMBER at private sale and at greatly reduced prices. Wm. Colyer, of Potter tp., has for sale 3000 sawed rails; 1200 chestnut posts; split rails 11 and 12 ft. long; 6000 ft. best white oak plank for wagon makers and from 1½ to 4 in.; scantling and axles; 4000 walnut boards ½ to ¼ in.; a lot of poplar and linn boards ½ x ½ in.; 6000 wagon spokes, white oak, all sizes; a lot of sled runners; 2000 feet of dry chestnut boards. All at reduced prices for cash or any kind of grain, beef or pork.

Also a span of mules, 8 years old, both leaders, perfectly safe; new gears; new 2-horse wagon; a 2 horse platform spring wagon; hay ladders, harrows, cultivators, corn plows, 2-horse sled, No. 1 double sleds.

All at private sale. Come on and get bargains, as Mr. Colyer intends going west in the spring. 14dec 2m.

FARMS TO LEASE.—The undersigned wishes to lease 250 acres of land in Town for a term of years for improvement, 100 acres of which to be put under the plow next summer. These lands are among the best wheat lands of the state. For particulars inquire of
J. S. BARNHART.
16 nov 6m Bellefonte, Pa

—Mr. Daniel F. Beatty, manufacturer and proprietor of the Beatty Piano, and Beatty's Golden Tongue Parlor Organs, at Washington, N. J., wishes an agent in this vicinity, as he has labored long to produce instruments of very superior merit; he will accept of none but those who approach him with satisfactory references. 1m

—Court commenced on Monday. The following is a list of jurors for first (this) week:

Grand Jurors.

Potter—J C Boal, J Fleming, L Neff, John Odenkirk.
College—B B Kreamer, Geo. Zettle.
Gregg—Wells Evans, Chas. Miller, Joseph Smith.
Penn—Jacob Alters.
Rush—Jno C Dunkle.
Spring—Jno Sweeny, B Aikey.
Philipsburg—G S Fiegel.
Curtin—A S Tipton.
Howard—Jas Turner.
Milesburg—J C P Jones, Wm Adams.
Miles—Reub. Grimm.
Worth—M Brown.
Haines—Howard Vonada.
Walker—J C Zimmerman.
Boggs—H L Harvey, L Bathurst.

Traverse Jurors.

Howard—J R Baker, N Askey, A Montgomery.
Liberty—C A Courter, G W Long.
Walker—R F Shaffer, John Emerick.
Benner—J M Kephart.
Union—D Campbell.
Miles—John Morris, Geo Reber, J K Moyer.
Penn—Abs Harter, D Kimport, W R Weiser, W L Musser.
Huston—E C Henderson, H Adams.
Bellefonte—R Hepburn, D Weaver.
Unionville—J Peters.
Philipsburg—O P Jones, Jas. Jones.
Worth—W H Williams.
College—Jno Williams, C Wason, Jacob Butler.
Snowshoe—Jas Gates, S Silknitter.
Boggs—J M Lucas, R P Trezuley, W B Stoner.
Halfmoon—P W Burket.
Ferguson—Wm Sasseman
Patton—John Mattern.
Potter—Lot Kimport.
Haines—F P Bower, D Vonada, Frank Weaver, Wm T Meyer.
Rush—A J Graham.
Milesburg—J Rogers.
Gregg—H Crumrine.
Spring—Wm Dale, Geo Barnes.

2nd Week.

Rush—Jos Robinson.
Miles—Wm Moyer.
Curtin—J T Lucas.
Potter—Eph Keller, Jos Crotzer, Adam Smith.
Walker—Adam Decker.
Burnside—Jos Bower.
Howard—M Fletcher.
Milesburg—B Else.
College—Wm Everhart, J L Harter.
Gregg—F D Hosterman, Geo Krape, Wm F Rearick.
Walker—A M'Mullen.
Bellefonte—C Derr.
Penn—C Alexander, John Keen, John Stover.
Philipsburg—C A Falkner.
Ferguson—Alb Hoy, S Harpster.
Benner—J Marshall, A J Swartz.
Worth—A Chany, J Morrison.
Philipsburg—C Munson.
Marion—L Everhart.
Patton—G W Gray.
Union—A Calhoun.
Spring—J G Larrimer, Fr Weaver.
Harris—Fergus Potter.

—Trial list for January term of Centre county court of Common Pleas, commencing Monday, January 22:

First Week.

Owen McCann vs Penna railroad co.
C Derr vs Jas McManus.
Owen McCann vs Penna railroad co.
Herlacher & Dinsmore vs S D Mann.
W J Meek vs D G Meek
Jonathan Wolt vs L F Albright.
S Etlinger vs M I Wagner.
Christ Lowry vs W S White & son.
John Musser vs Joseph Garbrick.
A Harter vs John Harper, et al.
Mrs Eliza Morris vs Penna railroad co.
I Haupt vs W H Humes.
S Stevens vs Penna RR Company.

Second Week.

Geo Furst vs L H Buckler et al
A G Moore vs John Odell, jr
Com of Penna vs H Brockerhoff
P Brew's Admr vs H Brockerhoff
Adam Grenoble vs L C & S C RR co
Terrence McElarny vs John I Thompson
Penna RR Company vs Geo M Brisbin
R L Shirk vs Wm Baird
Harrison Sibeys vs John Brillinger
John C Motz & Co vs W A McManigal
Job Williams vs Samuel Eberts
Kennedy Blood vs Saml Brumgard
Kennedy Blood vs John Wolf
Noyes, Bridgens & Co vs Thos Toner
James A Freeman vs S S Wolf's Admr
C T Fryberger vs Thos M Allen
Philip A Munn et al vs Danl Musser
Wm H Everett vs Jonathan Wolf
Michael Carney vs E Perks & Co
Edgar Reed vs E Perks & Co
Terrence McLaughlin us Chas McCafferty
Elias Humer vs Wm Hawlins Admr
Elias Humer vs Jacob Spring et ux
John M Wagner & Co vs Geo D Johnson
Daniel Rishel's Admr vs Geo W Sholl et ux
Michael Packer vss Jas L Neff
Lock Haven National Bank vs Frank P Blair
S Silknitter vs J A Cryder
Huston & Rodgers vs Lafute, Thos & Co
Y Casanova vs Hugh Adams et al

—Fresh tub oysters, always on hand, and sold by the quart, stew, or otherwise, under Miller's drug store, by Ed. L. Miller, where the best and freshest are to be had. 2t.

—Appleton Muslin, 9½c per yard at Boyers, Aaronsburg, Pa. 3t

ANNUAL STATEMENT.

OFFICE OF THE F. M. F. INS. COMPANY of Centre County, Pa.

Centre Hall, Jan. 8th, 1877.—In compliance with the provisions of their charter, the directors present the nineteenth annual statement of the transactions of the Company.

Assets.

Bills receivable, being premium notes due and payable by members for insurance the past year		$23,394 50
On which there has been paid		585.10
Leaving due on premium notes taken the past year		$22,809.40
To which add cash in the treasury		174 26
Total available assets of the past year		$22,983.75

Expenses.

Compensation to Directors	$175.10	
Salary of Sec'y	150 00	
Salary of Treas	50.00	
Printing, rent postage & stationery	81.90	
Election board	5.00	
Murray Brothers on shop, &c	12 20	
Committe on investigation at Sholl's	10 03	
John Brett on house	202.84	
Franklin Sholl on house	726.00	
		$1413 17
Total accruing assets and funds of the company the past year after deducting expenses		$21,570.58
To which add funds reported of previous year	116,001.74	
Minus notes expired and canceled	$17,478.17	
		$93,526.57
Making the total available assets of the company this day		$120,097 15
Risks and insurances taken the past year	$261,536 98	
Same reported for previous years	5,075,690 84	
		5,337,384 82
From which deduct policies expired and canceled		$2,633,529 97
		$2,703,754 85
Due the company from agents		580.29

At an election held the same day the following named members were elected directors for the ensuing year. J. W. Krumrine, J. W Campbell, Henry Keller, Joseph Baker, John Rishel, Levi Murray, George Buchanan, S. J. Herring, Amos Alexander, John H. Musser, John Hosterman and Samuel Gramley Whereupon the board organized and elected the following officers.

President—Geo. Buchanan.
Vice President—Henry Keller.
Secretary—D. F. Luse.
Treasurer—Henry Witmer.
D. F. LUSE, Sec'y. GEO. BUCHANAN Pres't

—J. T. Decker and John Caldren have the contract for five railroad bridges on Penns creek. Hope our friends Decker and Caldren will make a nice thing of it.

—Among the business places that are a real benefit to the people of this county and a credit to the gentlemen conducting same, stands first and foremost the large and first class grocery of Sechler & Co., in the Bush house block, Bellefonte. This fact is recognized and admitted by the people in general as shown by the immense trade these gentlemen have secured. There is scarce a neighborhood in this county in which the goods of this firm have not found customers. All this is owing to the important fact that they keep none but the best—never unfit trash—and what they have is fresh. Then, again their line is full and complete—they keep everything belonging to that branch of trade. A visit to their store at once satisfies you of this, and a trial of their good convinces you that you got the best. Ba—go and see for yourselves.

—The Emperor Vitellius, at one of his great feasts presented his guests with a dish prepared from the brains of peacocks and nightingale's tongues at a cost of $40 000.

—A lady in our neighborhood who had suffered for over three months the most extreme torture by a violent cough has become completely cured by Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. For sale in every drug store.

—A large stock of all kinds of candies just received at C. Dinges' confectionery, among them new kinds of candies. Call and see the finest assortment ever had in town.

—Judges Frank and Divin, sat upon the bench, first time this week. They did not look at all scared, and are as fitting associates as ever occupied the bench in this county.

—Only petty cases at court this week. On Tuesday a turkey stealing case from Nittany valley. From Julian a fellow prosecuted for disturbing an Evangelical revival meeting, by spitting tobacco profusely on the floor—he will pay costs of suit. A boy from Bald Eagle, for stealing, got 1 year and several months at solitary confinement and labor in penitentiary.

AN EXCITING BEAR HUNT.—On Tuesday the 16th, two of the hands of Rev. J. K. Miller, saw tracks of a bear above the steam sawmill. On Wednesday morning the party consisting of Eugene Miller, Frank Pennington, Tom McCoy and Theodore Shilling, started in pursuit of the chap, having prepared themselves with a musket, axe, hatchet and knife and a knapsack filled with provisions. Soon after leaving the mill they struck his track which led along the mountain top till they discovered that he had intended staying over night under a big rock, but not having been satisfied, he wended his way about one mile farther, until he made for the laurel; there, above the upper splash dam, they came upon him, finely lodged in a hollow tree, from which he peeped out when the noise of the approaching intruders greeted his ears, at which moment the musket in the hands of Frank Pennington was brought to a level and the contents of which were sent into his nose and eyes, it sent him back to his domicil. The dog then sprang in, and upon receiving a blow on the back from Mr. Bruin, he suddenly ran back to his friends. Then the bear ran out of the other end of the tree and made for the creek, passing over it several times, and being hotly pursued, he at last struck for the mountain; in the meantime he received two more shots and made a stand determined to defend himself to the last and, whilst seated on his haunches, ready to receive his assailants, he was again greeted with a few more buckshot, which ended his career.

The mules of Rev. Miller were then pressed into service to drag the beast down to the mill, where he was finally flayed and dissected and put to use. His meat was exceedingly tender and delicious, (so our informant reports, we did not taste it.)

—Sale of Henry Duck, dec'd, late of Gregg twp., on Feb. 20.

REBERSBURG & VICINITY.

The Reformed are getting brick hauled for their contemplated church which they purpose to erect next summer. The edifice promises to be a very fine one.

Skating seems to be quite fashionable at present, at least most of our citizens are going through the motion and none has the least objection to offer.

The revival in the Ev. Church still continues. There were forward as high as a dozen in one evening, seeking the "Pearl of great price." The church is filled to its utmost every night. On last Sabbath evening the excitement ran high, which was however followed with an unusual calm. The people of God from different denominations take an interest in the work, and many are they that have passed from nature's darkness into the light and liberty of the Gospel.

Mr. Frank Barker has at last commenced hauling stone for the mason work of his house which he purposes to erect early in the spring at Kreamerville.

PATENT DESK SLATES,
Combining in one
SLATE, DRAWING SURFACE & WRITING DESK, 50 cents.
Undoubtedly the most instructive thing ever invented for the youthful mind.

MOTTOES! MOTTOES!
5 Each 5 Each.

PICTURE FRAMES!
Fine Rustic Frames, varnished, with glass and black complete. Note the remarkably low prices—
4½ by 6½ at 25 cents. 6 by 8 at 30 cents.
8 by 10 at 33 cents. 10 by 12 at 40 cents.
All other sizes low in proportion.

MOTTO FRAMES,
with large gilt bead, varnished, with glass and Backs.
50 Cents. 50 cents.

SPLINTS FOR FRAMES,
All Colors and sizes.
STEROSCOPIC VIEWS,
in great variety.
BEAUTIFUL CHROMOS,
for 5 cents each.
PLANTOGRAPHS FOR DRAWING
a new and complete invention which all visitors to the Centennial must have seen use. Only 25 cents.

WELCH'S CHEAP BOOK, STATIONERY & VARIETY STORE,
25jan 4t No. 1 Humes' Block, Bellefonte

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.—The co partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned is the Hardware business under the firm name of J. & J. Harris, has this day been dissolved by mutual consent. The book of the firm will remain for settlement a the store, where all persons having accounts will please call and settle the same before April first, next.
JOHN HARRIS
JAMES HARRIS.
Bellefonte, January 1, 1877.

The hardware business will be continued at the old stand by James Harris and James Potter, under the firm name of James Harris & Co. Thankful for the patronage of the public in the past, we hope to merit a continuance of the same.
11jan 3t JAMES HARRIS & CO.

A HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE.

Will be exposed to public sale, on January 20th, 1877, the following described property, at the late residence of Daniel Conser, dec'd, in the town of Reberburg, Miles twp., Centre co. A HOUSE AND LOT, being the late residence of said deceased, bounded on the north by Main street, east by lot of James Mallery, south and west by alleys, and known or marked on the General Plot of said town as lot No. 11. The house being a large two story house, with a cellar room, and in good condition. There is also erected on said lot a good STABLE, or rather a small barn, as well as all other necessary out buildings. Sale to commence at 1 o'clock, p. m. of said day, when terms will be made known.
SAMUEL GRAMLY,
21 Jan Administrator and Executor.

MR EDITOR.—Will you please insert the following few lines in the Reporter. Twice before this I intended saying a word about our Festival through the columns of your paper, but abandoned the idea, thinking some one else would do so and as we all depended one upon the other it was not done at all. We as a Band are under a thousand obligations to the citizens of Centre Hall and vicinity for their very liberal patronage and the many valuable and useful donations. We received much more than we expected—and we expected much—and the citizens of town and country came to help us when the condition of the walks and roads, and the inclemency of the weather almost compelled them to stay in doors. To all those and all others who assisted us in any way we return our most sincere thanks. Especially do we feel ourselves greatly indebted to the ladies who controlled the cooking department for us day and night and refused compensation for time and labor. Again we say, thank you one and all. Hoping that our thanks come not to late to do accepted,

We remain indebtedly, &c.
BAND MEMBERS.

Tyrone enjoyed a genuine sensation last week. The colored barber at the bridge eloped with a married white woman.

Mr. Abram Nevel, of Plunkett's Creek township, Lycoming county, announces that he has discovered silver bearing quartz on his farm.

At Hardleton, Union county, Mrs Jacob Woomer, over 70 years of age, fell down a stairway on Sunday week and sustained injuries which resulted in her death a few hours thereafter.

Rev. William Lawrie, of the Presbytery of Geneva, has been installed pastor of the Bellefonte Presbyterian congregation.

Huntingdon county citizens advertise notice that they will apply to the legislature for a special "local option" law for that county.

The trial of C. A. Reese, for the murder of Dr. Shade, was postponed at Huntingdon court last week, because his counsel discovered an informality in drawing the grand jury.

There are 728 granges in this State an increase during the year of 98, and an increase in the membership of about 10,000.

MARRIAGES.

On 18, at the Reformed parsonage at Aaronsburg, by Rev. J. G. Shoemaker, Wm. B Waresfield to Miss Jennie Shannon, both of Tyrone.

On 18, by the same, Robert D. Musser of Spring Mills to Miss Adaline Runkle of Georges Valley.

On 3 inst. Mr. Hay Solt and Miss L. Zerby, both of Gregg twp.

On 14 inst., Mr. A. M. Neidigh of Haines and Miss Mary M. Beck, of Gregg.

At the Lutheran parsonage, Rebersburg on the evening of the 18th Jan. by Rev. F. Aurand, Peter Kreider of Harrisburg, to Miss Lizzie Spangler of the same place, formerly at Rebersburg.

On December 31, 1876, Samuel Frank and Miss Sarah Zeigler, both of Schracks town.

On 7, Adam Schroyer of Eastville, to Miss Mary Boone of Boonesville.

On the 7th inst Isaac Bartholemew and Miss Eliza Confer, both of Logansville.

On the 14th at Tylersville, John Bailey of Nittany Valley, to Miss Rebecca Condo of Brushvalley.

DEATHS.

On Saturday, 20, Snowden Watts, son of Prof. E. J. Wolf, of Gettysburg, aged between 5 and 6 years.

MARKETS.

PHILADELPHIA.

Phila., Jan. 22.—Wheat white 1 58@1 60; Wheat Penna red 1 50. Rye Penn 82@82. Cloverseed 14 25. Corn yellow 57@57½. Corn steam 53@54. Oats western mixed 41@42; oats western white 39@42. Lard 11 50@11 75. Cheese 12@14. Eggs western 35@36. Petroleum refined.

BELLEFONTE MARKETS.—January 19, by Shortlidge & Co.

White wheat,	1 35
Red "	1 35
Rye,	55.
Corn, shelled,	45.
Corn, cob,	40.
Oats,	30.
Barley, rye weight,	55.
Cloverseed $6 to $8 50 per 64 pounds.	
Potatoes retail,	1 00
Flour per barrel, wholesale,	$6 75.
" retail,	$7 00.
Nova Scotia plaster, ground,	11 50.
Cayuga "	$9 00.
Anthracite coal:	
Chestnut per ton at yard,	$5 00
Small stove, "	$3 25.
Stove, "	$3 25.
Egg, "	$3 00.
Broken, "	$3 00.

MILROY MARKET REPORT.—Jan. 18, by Sample & McNitt:

Wheat, red,	$1.30.
Barley,	58.
Corn,	45.
Oats,	to 28.
Rye,	55.
Cloverseed,	$8.25.
Ground Alum Salt,	$1.50.
Butter,	25
Eggs,	30.
Lard	09

NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that application has been made by the undersigned to the Secretary of Internal affairs, for twenty five acres of land, in Potter twp., Centre co., adjoining the land of Wm. Allison, et al, on the east, Saml Triester south, Fleisher heirs west, and Breon and Evans north, and now occupied by the undersigned.
18 Jan 3t SAM'L TRIESTER

Private Sale.

A Choice Farm and House and Lot.

The following described property, of John Emmert, dec'd, situate in Harris twp, Centre county, one FARM, containing one hundred and thirty three acres more or less, bounded by lands of B. Everhart, dec'd, James Glenn, McFarlen, Dr. Henderson, dec'd, and others is offered at private sale. The farm is well watered, a never failing stream of water running through the farm and within thirty yards of the barn, also, a well of never failing water at the house, with good pump in it. The improvements are a large FRAME HOUSE, two stories high almost new; a frame bank barn, forty-five by eighty feet and all other necessary outbuildings. This is one of the best producing farms in this section for all kinds of grain; is all limestone land. A large ORCHARD of choice fruit on the premises

For particulars inquire of Wm. Wertz on the farm. Also one House and lot Situated in Boalsburg, Centre co., the house is two stories high, with kitchen attached to it, and all necessary outbuildings also a good stable, a never failing well of water with good pump. The lot is well set with fruit trees of best quality.

Also two tracts and 125 perches of excellent land situate near the German Reformed church in Boalsburg within two quares of above house.

JOSIAH NEFF, Executor of J. Emmert, dec'd. 30 nov 3m.

A VALUABLE FARM FOR SALE.

Two miles east of Rebersburg, Miles twp, Centre county, being the estate of Philip Gramly, deceased, containing

282 ACRES,

more or less; of which 110 acres consist of the finest quality of white oak, white pine, hemlock and chestnut timber. The balance is in excellent cultivation. The farm is well watered by Elk creek, and a certain Gap Run, the latter affording an excellent water power for saw and shingle mills. The buildings on the place consist of a large double Three Story House, Bank barn, 54 ft. by 132 ft. and all other necessary outbuildings. There is on the place a good young orchard of choice fruit. Also a seperate tract of

218 Acres of Timberland,

adjoining said farm, well timbered with pine and hemlock. If desired the farm could be subdivided to suit purchasers.

For particulars address, either
S GRAMLY,
Rebersburg, Pa., or
R KREAMER,
H WOLF
Wolf's Store, Pa.
ap 12

THE MOLLY MAGUIRES.

Detection of Conspiracy to Escape from the Pottsville Jail.

Pottsville, Pa., Jan. 11.—Five of the Molly Maguire prisoners, now confined in the Pottsville jail, two of whom are under sentence of death, have just been detected in a conspiracy to escape, which was fustrated by the failure of Gibbons, who made an attempt last Sunday night. The prisoners engaged in the conspiracy were John Gibbons, John Morris, Mike Doolan, James Boyle, and McGehan. Boyle's cell is in the upper corridor, above Morris's, while McGehan occupies the cell above Doolan's. The plan was that all should go to work the same time, the men in the upper tier working their way into their confederates' cells below—the latter digging a way of escape in the cellar—and, upon the arrival of their companions, to get into the cellar and leave the prison by means of an opening which communicated with the new prison extension now being built. There is no doubt that the attempt would have been successful had Gibbons not been detected last Sunday night. The prisoners are now under close surveillance.

A negro was found dead in Georgia, having fallen and broken his neck while stealing chickens from a high roost. He was a class leader in a church, and his pastor, in preaching the funeral sermon, was bothered by the question where the soul of the dead brother had gone. "His well-known piety," said the preacher, "indicates that he died a Christian; yet there are circumstances connected with his death that are perplexing. If, after he fell and before he struck the ground, he repented of his sins, there can be no question but that he is now in glory; but there was mighty little time for him to think about it."

TAMMANY THIEVS DISGORGING

New York, Jan. 17.—Comptroller Kelly received $102,801 from Attorney-General Fairchild yesterday, of which $100,000 is on the compromise made with Woodward, of the former Tammany Ring.

BENNETT TURNS UP IN FLORIDA.

Jacksonville, Fla., Jan. 17—James Gordon Bennett and four friends arrived here this morning by a Macon and Augusta sleeper and went to the St. James hotel, but left shortly after and went on board of Astor's yacht.

J. ZELLER & SON
DRUGGISTS
No 6 Brockerhoff Row, Bellefonte, Pa
Dealers in Drugs, Chemicals Perfumery, Fancy Goods &c. &c.
Pure Wines and Liquors for medicr purposes always kept. may 31 '72.

BUY YOUR DRUGS FROM
RANKIN'S
Drug Store,
NEXT DOOR TO THE DESCHNER GUN STORE.)
FRESH AND CHEAP.
Apr 22

J. S. MILLER.
Fashionable Tailor.
AARONSBURG.
Having opened rooms opposite the Reformed parsonage building he is prepared to manufacture all kinds of men's and boy's garments, according to the latest styles, and upon shortest notice, and all work warranted to render satisfaction. Cutting and repairing done. 16nov 1m.

Henry Reinhart.
WOODWARD.
UNDERTAKER.
Coffins of all styles made on shortest notice. Undertaking strictly attended to Charges reasonable. 17 aug v

Newspaper Advertising Agents
Geo. P. Rowell & CO.
41 Park Row, N. Y.
They have the satisfaction of controlling the most extensive and complete advertising contracts ever before offered, and one which would be hardly possible in any other country but this. They have succeeded in working down a complex business into so thoroughly a systematic method that no change in the newspaper system of America can escape notice, while the widest information upon all topics interesting to advertisers is placed readily at the disposal of the public.—Extract from New York Times, June 14, 1875.
[Send for circular.]

HARDWARE AND STOVES!!
HARDWARE AND STOVES!!
COMPLETE LINE OF ALL KINDS OF HARDWARE.
—o—
SPEARS, ANTI-CLINKER, SILVER MOON, PARLOR STOVES, THE BEST IN THE MARKET. THERE IS NOTHING TO EQUAL IT IN SERVICE OR BEAUTY. Price reduced to suit the times.
—o—
SUSQUEHANNA COOK STOVES IMPROVED, ANTI-CLINKER, GRATE AND REVERSIBLE TOP PLATES. Warranted the best baker in the market.
—o—
SOVEREIGN PORTABLE RANGES, can attach a water-back for heating water in Bath Room, very little higher than ordinary Cook Stoves, and good bakers. We also have a full line of cheap and medium price PARLOR STOVES. Prices to suit the trade.
THOMAS A. HICKS & BROTHER,
Bellefonte, Pa

BREONS' HOTEL,
MILROY, PA.
The best table and bar, and excellent stabling for horses. Also a fine resort for summer boarders. Buss to depot, and daily stages to Centre county. Charges reasonable. GEO. BREON, Prop'r.

Sample & McNitt.
MILROY, PA.
PAY THE HIGHEST
MARKET PRICE
FOR
All Kinds of Grain.
ALSO,
Always on hand and at lower prices than elsewhere.
COAL, PLASTER AND SALT.
Farmers of Centre mind the place.
21 sept tf.

Wolf's Old Stand.
AT
AT CENTRE HALL,
Magnificent Stock of Fall and Winter Goods.
One Price! Low Price!
POLITE ATTENTION!
Having just returned from the East, and bought at panic prices, I am now prepared to sell cheaper than ever before. My stock consists in part of
DRY GOODS,
GROCERIES,
NOTIONS,
HOSIERY,
HATS & CAPS,
BOOTS & SHOES,
RUBBER BOOTS,
SANDALS, &c., &c.
Ladies' and Gents' Underwear a speciality.
A LARGE STOCK OF
READY - MADE CLOTHING
constantly on hand.
Customers will find the stock complete, and a call is all that is required to assure you that this is the best place in the valley to buy your goods.
Remember, we have but one price for everyone.
WM. WOLF.

A RARE CHANCE
For a Sewing Machine.
You can have your choice of the following first class sewing machines:
New American, St. John Domestic,
Danice, Singer,
Remington, Howe,
and Weed.
At the Sewing Machine store of Bunnell & Aiken, East Market street, Lewistown.
Also parts, attachments and needles for all machines.
Great inducements for cash. Don't fail to see the St. John, something entirely new.
Old Machines taken in part payment for new ones. Send 50cts to the above party and you will get by return mail, 1 doz. assorted needles for any machine. 30novly

CENTRE HALL
DRUG STORE.
J. C. MILLER.
(Successor to J. K. Miller & Son.)
Dealer in Pure Drugs and Medicines, Dye stuffs, and Druggist's sundries.
PURE WINE AND LIQUORS
For medicinal purposes.
The best brands of
CIGARS AND TOBACCO
always in stock.
Prescriptions carefully Compounded.
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IRA T. COTTLE.
Fashionable Tailor.
Centre Hall.
Having opened rooms on the 2nd floor of Gift & Fiory's building he is prepared to manufacture all kinds of men's and boy's garments, according to the latest styles, and upon shortest notice, and all work warranted to render satisfaction. Cutting and repairing done. 7sept y

Jas. Harris & Co.
NO. 5, BROCKERHOFF ROW.
HARDWARE,
IRON, NAILS,
Paints
OILS, ETC.,
JAS. HARRIS & CO.
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NEW STORE, NEW GOODS AND
Panic prices.
H. A. LARRIMER.
at the old Centre Hill stand.
Just opening a Stock of
NEW GOODS,
OLD FASHIONED PRICES!
A large variety of Ladies Dress Goods
Great Bargains in Muslins and Calicoes.
Ready-made Clothing Warranted to Suit.
His Cloths and Cassimers, Cant be excelled
His Crocery Department,
Astonishes every one in assortment and low prices.
Syrup, Sugar, Tea, Coffee, Canned fruits, Domestic and Foreign Fruits, Cheese, and every other article belonging to the Grocery Department.
Farmers, Mechanics and Laborers look to your interest. One dollar saved is a dollar in pocket. Then call and see at what astonishingly low prices.
No trouble to show Goods.
Also the choicest FAMILY FLOUR always on hand. Apr. 15, y.

DR. S. G. GUTELIUS,
Dentist, Millheim.
Offers his professional services to the public. He is prepared to perform all operations in the dental profession.
He is now fully prepared to extract teeth absolutely without pain. may8 '76tf

W. F. REBER, Attorney-at-Law.
Prompt attention given to all business entrusted to his care in Clearfield or Centre county. Office with D. F. Fortney, Bellefonte.

WM. P. WILSON, Attorney-at-Law.
Bellefonte Pa. Office in Mrs. Benner's Building, Bellefonte Pa.

JOHN F. POTTER, Attorney-at-Law.
Collections promptly made and special attention given to those having lands or property for sale. Will draw up and have acknowledged Deeds, Mortgages, &c. Office in the diamond, north side of the court house, Bellefonte. oct2 6mf.

A MAN
OF A THOUSAND.
Having discovered, in a manner almost providential, a positive cure for Consumption and all Lung Complaints, I feel it my duty to make known in a practical manner by furnishing a sample bottle, free of charge, to all sufferers, my only hope of remuneration being that the medicine will perform all I claim for it. The ingredients are of the choicest herbal products and perfectly safe; will be sent free to all. Address at once, Dr. O. Phelps Brown, 21 Grand Street, Jersey City, N. J., or may be had of J. K. Miller & Son, Druggists, Centre Hall, Pa. jan 4 1y.

HARRIS, J. D. SHUGERT, J. A. BEAVER
JOHN HOFFER, PETER HOFFER.
PENNSVALLEY BANKING CO.
CENTRE HALL, PA.
RECEIVE DEPOSITS, and allow Interest; Discount Notes; Buy and Sell Government Securities, Gold and Coupons.
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ALEXANDER & BOWER, Attorneys-at-Law, Bellefonte. Special attention given to Collections, and Orphans' Court practice. May be consulted in German and English. Office in Garman's building. my28 '74 tf.

Excelsior Cement.
The undersigned now manufactures Cement Water-proof of superior quality, at his kilns, near Pine Creek Mills, in Haines twp. This cement has already been used in large quantities upon the L. C. & N. R.R., and has been found highly satisfactory upon all jobs where it has been used, and as equal to any now manufactured for use in Cisterns, Water Pipes, or whatever purpose a good quality of Cement is desirable. This Cement has already been tested far and wide, and rendered the utmost satisfaction. Persons, therefore constructing Cisterns, laying Water Pipes, &c., will find it to their advantage to bear this in mind, and also that he warrants the article as represented. J. G. MEYER,
may21 tf Aaronsburg, Pa.

THE PEOPLE'S DRUG STORE
RE-OPENED!
A NEW THING IN AN OLD PLACE.
The Bellefonte public and the people of the country generally will be pleased to know that the old and well established
DRUG STORE,
late the property of James C. Williams, on Allegheny street, next door to Hicks' hardware emporium, has been re-opened for business and is being rapidly re-stocked and fitted out with the best and most popular
DRUGS AND MEDICINES.
PERFUMERIES,
DYE STUFFS,
NOTIONS,
and everything usually kept in a first-class Drug Store
PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY compounded at all hours of the day or night, and particular and prompt attention given to the wants of farmers and others who live in the country. Store never closed to those who want medicines or anything in the drug line.
The undersigned hopes, by strict attention to business, to merit and receive the public patonage.
H. M. HERRINGTON,
6 apr 1y. Agent.

D. F. LUSE,
PAINTER, CENTRE HALL, PA.,
offers his services to the citizens of Centre county in
House, Sign and Ornamental Painting,
Striping, ornamenting and gilding, Graining
OAK, WALNUT, CHESTNUT, Etc.
Plain and Fancy Paper hanging. Orders respectfully solicited. Terms reasonable. 20 apr tf.

DR. A. J. ORNDORF.
DENTIST.
Is still located at Pine Grove Mills and is now prepared to attend to the wants of patients

The Old Story.

I've breathed to her my last good-bye—I've
sighed my last farewell,
And now her name is shrined alone, in memory's
deepest cell;
The past must be forgotten, with the bright
hopes it put on,
And she and I must live and act, as though we
ne'er had known.

I've breathed to her my last farewell—the sad-
dest e'er was wrung,
In the agony of parting, from a mortal's trem-
bling tongue;
For to part with her forever, was far more than
I could bear,
And the cloud that wrapt my spirit, was the
black cloud of despair.

I listened half unconscious as she told me we
must part,
And I felt the glowing current turn to ice
around my heart;
But when the thought grew on me that we
ne'er must meet again,
Oh, God! the misty frenzy that went boiling on
my brain.

She lured me, angel tempter, to a heavenly
fountain's brink,
And her own hand filled the goblet, and her
own lips bade me drink;
But, oh! misery, to be hurled into agony like
this,
When my soul, like the lost angel, touched the
highest step of bliss.

Oh! had I only prized her with a boyish fitful
pride,
might fling away her friendship as a thing to
be supplied;
But I looked to her with reverence and a faith
that could depend,
And her wisdom ruled my manhood with the
counsels of a friend.

Oh! God, restore a Lethe, till I quaff its mercy
stream,
And drown in dark oblivion the mis'ry of that
dream;
For it haunts my brain like murder, and it
burneth like a coal,
And that last farewell is ringing like a curfew
through my soul.

—W. C. H.

A SMALL BOY.

"Oh! I say, she's out," said small Ned, as he opened the door. "She's gone to the dressmaker's, but she'll be back soon, 'cause she's goin' to friz her hair for dinner. Come in and wait."

I accepted the invitation, and installed myself in the easiest chair in the parlor, after rolling it to the bay window, so as to command a view of the street, while Ned "histed" himself, as he called it, on a marble top table beside me, and sat there, with the crispy cheekiness of early boyhood, whistling and swinging his feet.

Ned was a chap of ten years, with a remarkable memory—as I was fated to discover—the youngest brother of Miss Victoria Conrad; and Miss Victoria Conrad was a handsome, dashing, clever girl whom I had met at a picnic the preceding summer, and with whom I had immediately fallen desperately in love.

I use the word "desperately" advisedly, for it was my first really serious entanglement, and my charmer, being a thorough mistress of the arts by which young and susceptible male hearts are subjugated, had enthralled me most completely.

True, before I cast myself at her feet, I had felt a great tenderness for a sweet little third or fourth cousin of mine, a slight pale young girl, with hair of the faintest gold and eyes of the softest blue, and an innocent, trusting, childlike look in her pretty face.

But beside Miss Conrad, with her magnificent form, glorious auburn tresses, and wonderful big black eyes, May Newton faded into insignificance. It was as though one placed a delicate, cream colored lily in the same vase with a gorgeous, flame-dashed-with-crimson-leaved, brown throated gladiole.

And so I found, on becoming acquainted with Miss Conrad, that my feeling for May, which had existed since our earliest childhood, was only a tenderness, while my feeling for Victoria, although but three months old, already amounted to a passion.

But, in spite of my infatuation for the latter, I was not blind to the fact that she was a finished coquette, and I didn't half like the way, after the very decided encouragement she had given me, she flirted with my intimate friend Charley Thornton. Sometimes, indeed, it flashed upon me that there had been a love affair between them which had not entirely ended even now, and it was after one of these flashes I had sought her house, determined to discover what her real feelings toward me were, and resolved that when I left her it should be either as an accepted or rejected suitor.

To speak frankly, I had every reason to believe, in spite of the flashes, it would be as an accepted one. For as much as Thornton was distinguished by Miss Conrad above her other admirers, just so much had I been of late distinguished above Thornton. And we two were equal in age, looks, family, education and (our lady-love thought) fortune. I say our lady-love thought, for the truth was, compared to me, Charley was poor. How rich I was I had taken care should not be known; for though only three-and-twenty, I had already grown tired of a single life, with its attendant boarding houses, and was looking for a wife, with a view to a comfortable home of my own. And like Lord Burleigh and other romantic, poetical fellows, I wanted to be loved for myself alone.

Only Charley Thornton knew of my recently inherited wealth, and him I had bound by all that is sacred in friendship not to disclose it.

"So in singling me out for favor," I argued, "Victoria leads me to suppose she loves me. And if she consents to become my wife, that supposition will turn into a happy certainty, for she certainly, with her beauty and talents, might make a much finer match than the one I offer her. And what delight it will be when the words are said that seal my happiness and make her all my own, to see her resplendent eyes grow larger and brighter as she learns that in accepting a few thousands, she has become the mistress of half a million!"

But to go back to the small boy, swinging his feet and evidently anxious to enter into conversation.

"I say," he blurts out at last, "do you like to look at photographs? Charley Thornton does. He and Vic looked at this book"—taking one from the table on which he sat—"for more'n an hour the other day. I like him. He give me two white mice and a guinea pig; the cat ate the white mice, and the guinea pig's dead. But they wasn't looking at it all the time either. They was talking. Your picture's there, you know. His used to be on the other page, but he coaxed Vic to put it somewhere else."

"Why?" I asked, ceasing to watch for the coming of my divinity, and turning toward the small boy with awakened curiosity.

"Cause," said Ned, evidently trying to repeat the very words—"'cause he couldn't bear even his picture to have always before it the face of his rival, his successful—yes, that's it—his successful rival."

My heart gave a bound. She did love me, then. Poor Charley!

"And what reply did your sister make to that?" I asked.

"Oh! she said 'nonsense;' but she took the picture out—Charley's, you know—and he kissed her hand, and she carried it up to her room, and it's there now, hanging between the 'Huguenot Lovers' and 'His Only Friend.' He's a poor barefooted boy lying fast asleep in the road, and his only friend's a dog —one of them big fellows, you know"—

"Yes, yes," I interrupted, rather impatiently; "I know all about it."

Ned, evidently somewhat offended, was silent for about three minutes, and then began again: "Oh, my, didn't they talk that day! Vic sent word to everybody else that came that she was out. Wasn't that a whopper? I was smuggled up on the sofa over in that dark corner there, and they didn't see me, and I heard every word they said. Wouldn't Vic have boxed my ears if she'd caught me!"

"I wonder what they talked of," I said to myself, with a jealous qualm—to tell the truth, I'd been a little staggered by the picture episode; and then, though it wasn't exactly the right thing to do, although certainly excusable in a case like this, where a man's whole happiness was at stake, I made up my mind to find out.

"Ned," said I, "I saw a splendid knife the other day—six blades."

"Six blades!" repeated Ned, his eyes sparkling.

"Yes, or five blades and a file, I don't remember which. It was a beauty, though, and if I wasn't afraid you'd cut yourself with it, I'd buy it and give it to you."

"Cut myself!" said the small boy, with infinite scorn; "I ain't a baby."

"Well," said I, "the knife shall be yours." And then I continued in a *nonchalant* manner: "What was it you said your sister and Mr. Thornton were talking about?"

"I didn't say nothing," said Ned. "When'll you bring the knife?"

"You shall have it to-morrow," I replied. "Did they say anything about me, for instance?"

"Oh, lots!" said Ned, starting off rapidly. "Charley said: 'Oh, Vic, you'd never have given me up if I hadn't told you how rich he was. What a fool I've been! I might have known that that would have been too much of a'—let me see: 'Lead us not into temptation'—'temptation for such a girl as you are. Good heavens!' and he grabbed hold of his hair just as though he was going to pull it all out;" and the small boy suited the action to the word, and tugged at his own curly locks with such an assumption of desperation as brought the tears into his eyes. "'Good heavens!' he says, 'how selfish and cruel you are! I am sure I don't know how I can love you. Are you going to marry him?' And Vic says: 'I am.'"

"Oh! you are," thinks the attentive listener.

"'It would be awful silly,' she says," the small boy rattles on, "'for us to get married. I might think I was happy, for a little while, 'cause I b'lieve I love you as well as I could love anybody, and then I'd be jolly miserable, for I must have a sealskin jacket and a new switch, and hair like mine costs like—I forget what,' that's what he referred to, this morning. I mean she says: 'For I never could be happy without a fine house, and a carriage, and all sorts of nobby things,' and ever so much more I can't remember. 'And so be a good boy,' she says, 'and console yourself with May Newton. She likes you, I'm sure, and she is a sweet little thing, and would make you an excellent wife.'"

"I don't believe she ever will, then," I nutter between my teeth. "Go on, Ned."

"'No, she wouldn't,' says Charley 'and as for her liking me, you never were more mistaken in your life; or if she does like me, it is because I am a friend of a man she loves—Arthur Bell'" (I'm Arthur Bell)—"'yes, she loves him as dearly as I do you, and has loved him for years. It was for his sake she refused handsome Phil Akers, to say nothing of that rich old bachelor Quimby that all the other girls are pulling caps for. Poor little wretch! I know how to pity her.' 'You'll both recover,' says Vic, 'and ten chances to one, fall in love with each other. There's nothing like catching a ball on the bounce.'"

"'A heart on the rebound,' I think you mean, Ned," I say, with astonishing calmness.

"Well, perhaps I do," assents the small boy, whistling a couple of bars of "Yankee Doodle," thoughtfully. "Anyhow," ending with a false note that makes me shudder, "Vic stuck to it she'd marry you, 'cause you was so slap-bang-set-'em-up-again rich; and Charley smashed his hat on his head and walked out of the room, the small boy scraping my hat from my hand, literally "smashed" it upon his curly head, and strode out into the hall in such a melodramatic manner that I smiled in spite of myself.

When he returned I left the easy chair—not quite as much at ease as when I sat down in it—took possession of my hat, restored it as nearly as possible to its original shape, and said: "Ned, you've been remarkably entertaining—in fact, I never met such an entertaining small boy before; but I won't wait any longer. Give my respects to your sister—"

"Don't you mean your love?" asks Ned, with wide opened eyes, and adds, confidentially: "Oh! come now, you needn't be bashful. I know all about it, you know."

"I don't mean my love," I say, most emphatically.

"And when'll you come again?"

"Impossible to tell."

"But the knife—the one with six blades, or five blades and a file?"

"I'll send it to-morrow morning early."

"You're a trump!" exclaims the small boy, cutting a caper. "And, I say, when you marry Vic and ask me out to your country house to spend my vacation, will you give me a box and a spade and a Shetland pony —one of them real jolly ones with hair hanging all over their eyes?"

"When I marry Vic I will," I promise, solemnly. "Good-bye."

But I never marry Vic.

Mr. Quimby, the rich old bachelor, does, though; and a precious time, they say, she has with the cranky, hot tempered, asthmatic old fellow.

My wife has soft blue eyes and faint golden hair; and I have come to the conclusion that a delicate, cream colored lily is much to be preferred to a gorgeous flame-dashed-with-crimson-leaved, brown throated gladiole.

Why Farming is Unprofitable.

The question, "Will Farming Pay?" was discussed before the New Hampshire agricultural society as follows: It is complained that farming is unprofitable. Men are leaving the farm and are seeking employment in manufactures and the trade of the city. New Hampshire, the agricultural part of Massachusetts, Maine and Vermont have gone back in population and productive agricultural wealth in the last ten years. Without seeking to touch all the reasons for it, may we not find it largely in this, that we ask too much of the farm? Having a capital of $2,000, $3,000 or $5,000 invested in it, we ask that the farm shall support our families, educate our children and give us a comparative wealth for old age besides. And yet, do we treat it as other men do their business by which they succeed? If we fail in getting all this from it, we say at once that farming is unprofitable. We are unmindful of the fact that in mercantile business only one in a hundred is fairly successful, and only one in a thousand eminently so. Does not farming do as well as that and better? Does only one in a hundred succeed to a competence and only one in a thousand to affluence? And yet do we not deal with our farms in the same way that we have seen that the nation does with its producers? Do we not take everything off and put comparatively nothing on the land? In every other business of life all the gains a man gets he immediately puts back into his business. The merchant increases his capital year by year from gains of the preceding year, if he is a prudent man, until it becomes as large as he can profitably manage. But if a farmer makes any surplus on his farm, as a rule, does he return it to his land, either in increased facilities for farming, in enriching the soil, adding to his stock or draining his land? On the contrary, is he not much more likely to invest in railroad shares or bonds or some manufacturing enterprise, or loan it to some neighbor? Having taken away from the farm what the farm has brought him, and ought to be returned to it again, to make it more productive, he leaves it impoverished, and then complains that the gains do not increase. Is not the difficulty that he is continually taking away the increase of his capital and leaving it only what it was at the beginning? The merchant, as we have seen, increases his capital year by year; but the farmer too frequently takes his and invests it in other enterprises, and then complains that the farm does not succeed. No farmer we ever heard of ever mortgaged his farm to put manure on it, yet men frequently do mortgage their farms for the purpose of building a fine house, and many take all the earnings of the farm for ten years for that purpose. The mortgage or the indebtedness once on a farm, as a general rule in the past, except in the change of fortune made by the chance of prices arising from the war, remains years, if not forever.

NEW ENGLAND WEATHER.

A Humorist's Review of It---All Very Funny.

At the New England dinner in New York city Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain) spoke as follows: I reverently believe that the Maker who made us all makes everything in New England but the weather. I don't know who makes that, but I think it must be raw apprentices in the weather clerk's factory who experiment and learn how, in New England, for board and clothes, and then are promoted to make weather for countries that require a good article, and will take their custom elsewhere if they don't get it. There is a sumptuous variety about New England weather that compels the stranger's admiration—and regret. The weather is always doing something there; always getting up new designs and trying them on the people to see how they will go. But it gets through more business in spring than in any other season. In the spring I have counted 136 different kinds of weather inside of four and twenty hours. It was I that made the fame and fortune of that man that had the marvelous collection of weather on exhibition at the Centennial that so astounded the foreigners. He was going to travel all over the world and get specimens from all the climes. I said: "Don't you do it; you come to New England on a favorable spring day." I told him what we could do in the way of style, variety and quantity. Well, he came and he made his collection in four days. As to variety, why, he confessed that he got hundreds of kinds of weather that he had never heard of before. And as to quantity, well, after he had picked out and discarded all that was blemished in any way, he not only had weather enough, but weather to spare; weather to hire out; weather to sell; to deposit; weather to invest; weather to give to the poor. The people of New England are by nature patient and forbearing, but there are some things which they will not stand. Every year they kill a number of poets for writing about "Beautiful Spring." These are generally casual visitors, who bring their notions of spring from somewhere else, and cannot, of course, know how the natives feel about it. Every spring. And so the first thing they know the opportunity to inquire how they feel has permanently gone by. "Old Probabilities" has a mighty reputation for accurate prophecy, and thoroughly well deserves it. You take up the paper and observe how crisply and confidently he checks off what to-day's weather is going to be on the Pacific, down South, in the Middle States, in the Wisconsin region. See him sail along in the joy and pride of his power till he gets to New England, and then see his tail drop. He doesn't know what the weather is going to be in New England. He can't any more tell than he can tell how many Presidents of the United States there are going to be next year. Well, he mulls over it, and by-and-bye he gets out something about like this: Probable northeast to southwest winds, varying to the southward and westward and eastward and points between, high and low barometer swapping round from place to place; probable areas of rain, snow, hail and drought, succeeded or preceded by earthquakes, with thunder and lightning.

Then he jots down this postscript from his wandering mind, to cover accidents: "But it is possible that the programme may be wholly changed in the meantime." Yes, one of the brightest gems in the New England weather is the dazzling uncertainty of it. There is only one thing certain about it: You are certain there is going to be plenty of weather—a perfect grand review; but you never can tell which end of the procession is going to move first. You fix up for the drought; you leave your umbrella in the house and sally out with your sprinkling pot, and two to one you get drowned. You make up your mind that the earthquake is going to come up from under and take hold of something to steady yourself, and the first thing you know you get struck by lightning. These are great disappointments. But they can't be helped. The lightning there is peculiar; it is so convincing, when it strikes a thing it doesn't leave enough of that thing behind for you to tell whether—well, you'd think it was something valuable and a Congressman had been there. And the thunder. When the thunder commences to merely tune up and scrape and saw, and key up the instruments for the performance, strangers say: "Why, what awful thunder you have here." But when the baton is raised and the real concert begins, you'll find that stranger down in the cellar with his head in the ash barrel. Now as to the size of the weather in New England—lengthways, I mean. It is utterly disproportioned to the size of that little country. Half the time, when it is packed as full as it can stick, you will see that New England weather sticking out beyond the edges and projecting around hundreds and hundreds of miles over the neighboring States. She can't hold a tenth part of her weather. You can see cracks all about where she has strained herself trying to do it. I could speak volumes about the inhuman perversity of the New England weather, but I will give but a single specimen. I like to hear rain on a tin roof. So I covered part of my roof with tin, with an eye to that luxury. Well, sir, do you think it ever rains on that tin? No, sir; it skips it every time. Mind, in this speech I have been trying merely to do honor to the New England weather—no language could it justice. But, after all, there is at least one or two things about that weather (or, if you please, effect produced by it) which we residents would not like to part with. If we hadn't our bewitching autumn foliage, we should still have to credit the weather with one feature which compensates for all its bullying vagaries—the ice storm—when a leafless tree is clothed with ice from the bottom to the top—ice that is as bright and clear as crystal; every bough and twig is strung with ice beads, frozen dewdrops, and the whole tree sparkles cold and white, like the shah of Persia's diamond plume. Then the wind waves the branches and the sun comes out and turns all those myriads of beads and drops to prisms that glow and hum and flash with all manner of colored fires, which change and change again with inconceivable rapidity from blue to red, from red to green and green to gold—the tree becomes a spraying fountain, a very explosion of dazzling jewels; and it stands there the acme, the climax, the supremest possibility in art or nature, of bewildering, intoxicating, intolerable magnificence. One cannot make the words too strong. Month after month I lay up hate and grudge against the New England weather; but when the ice storm comes at last, I say: "There, I forgive you now—the books are square between us. You don't owe me a cent. Go, and sin no more. Your little faults and foibles count for nothing. You are the most enchanting weather in the world!"

Theaters and Ill Luck.

The New York *Herald* says: There is no getting over the fact that there does seem to be a singular fatality attending places of amusement that have been built on sites previously occupied by churches or chapels. It gives a long list of such theaters, ending with the Brooklyn, and shows that if the buildings were not destroyed by fire they brought financial ruin upon all who had any interest in them. It also relates this theatrical incident, told by one who knew about it: Then, again, there is the Old Bowery Theater; that has been burned three or four times. I don't know that there was ever a church there; but something a great deal worse was there many years ago. Worse than the theater, I mean. It was the home and headquarters of a very wicked old fortune teller.

He used to make a boast of having sold himself, body and soul, to the devil. Everybody believed him, for he was very wicked. He always had plenty of money, and lived on this spot for a long time. All of a sudden he disappeared, and no one ever knew how or where. His body was never found or heard of. It was generally believed that the devil came for him and he had to go. It was also believed that he left a curse upon this spot, and many attributed to that the frequent burning of the theater. Only the other day I heard an old woman, as she passed up Third avenue, say: "The Bowery theater can never prosper; it will burn, and burn forever."

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

Items of Interest from Home and Abroad.

Commodore Vanderbilt, whose death is announced, was born near Stapleton, Staten Island, May 27, 1794. At the age of sixteen he bought a boat with which he plied between the island and New York, and at eighteen he owned two boats and was captain of a third. At nineteen he married, and at twenty-three was free from debt and was worth $9,000. He was identified with the leading steamboat interests of the country until railroads began to take their place, and then he became the leading spirit of the Hudson river and Central roads. He died very wealthy. He lived a most active business life. It was a peculiarity of his that he invested little money in real estate. The steamboat was his hobby as long as that was profitable, and then he took up the railroad when the day of steamboating was over.

In the United States court at Yankton, D. T., John McCall, convicted of the murder of "Wild Bill," was sentenced by Chief Justice Shannon to be hanged on the first of March.....William Windom was re-elected United States senator by the Legislature of Minnesota.....Over one hundred prisoners at the Ohio penitentiary were made sick, with symptoms indicative of poison, the cause being impure baking powders used by the cooks of the building.....James G. Blaine was elected by the Maine Legislature for the short term in the United States Senate, and also for the full term of six years, beginning March 4, 1877.....Massachusetts during the past year reduced her State debt $336,000. In 1875, by way of expenditures for public improvements, the debt was largely increased.....In the Mansfield (Pa.) coal district three thousand miners are on a strike.....The State debt of Maine is $5,129,107. The governor estimates the value of farm and unfarm lands on the dollar will be all that will be necessary to meet the current expenses this year.....United States vessels patrol the Rio Grande to prevent outrages by the Mexican authorities.....The late Commodore Vanderbilt was in active business up to within sixteen days of his death, in his sixty-six years.....The State debt of Pennsylvania is $22,865,021.58.....Six thousand men are at work cutting ice in the Hudson river.....The three richest men in the United States—Astor, Stewart and ex-Vanderbilt—have died within fifteen months.

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What Causes Diphtheria.

The origin of diphtheria, said President Chandler of the New York board of health, is a mystery. Most New York physicians, I believe, think that the sewer gases started it. It is a germ disease, like smallpox, and is communicable. It often seizes robust children who, at the funerals of playmates, or in school or church, are exposed to its direct influence.

The diphtheritic poison, impregnating the air passages of the patient, affects the entire system. The air passage impregnation speedily changes into inflammation, accompanied by the formation of membrane. Fever next follows. The poison begins to act as soon as it falls upon the tissues of the air passages, but doesn't sensibly affect the patient until two to five days later. Then he feels great prostration, his throat is dry, and he has pricking pains in swallowing. The throat reddens, white membrane appears in patches, and the glands swell. In fatal cases the fever increases, the throat inflammation spreads, and general exhaustion follows.

The diphtheritic poison clings long to rooms and may occasion death months afterward. Diphtheria prefers, seemingly, children between one and ten; the average age of its victims now is about two years. Neither heat nor cold, rain nor drought, affect it. Cleanliness and pure air everywhere in a dwelling tend to avert and mitigate it.

Where it exists no child should be permitted to kiss strange children, particularly when they have sore throats, or even to play with their tops. When any child in a family has a sore throat, the other children should be kept rigidly apart, in dry, well ventilated rooms. Every throat affection should be promptly treated. The sick child should be watchfully nursed in a well ventilated, sunlit room.

Men who live on Fifth avenue are astonished that their children die. It is not at all marvelous; half of the houses there are not fit to live in. One-half of their owners, I an confident, have never been in their own cellars. They fill their drawing-rooms with satins and gilding, but give no heed to the drain pipes. Often $5 would have saved a loved child's life, if seasonably spent in repairing a defective drain pipe.

A few days ago I went into the cellar of a great brown stone house. The current of sewer gas, rushing directly up to the bedrooms, put out my candle, and left me to grope my way out in darkness.

A Safeguard Against Rats.

Rats are accomplished rope walkers, and are able to make their way even along very small cords. Consequently so long as they can mount upon the lines, nothing edible suspended therefrom is safe from their attacks. A correspondent of the Boston *Journal of Chemistry* uses wires, upon which circular pieces of tin are strung, and hangs his meat, grain, etc., between the tin pieces. The rats cannot pass the tin circles, because, as they attempt to climb over them after walking out on the wire, the pieces revolve.

The most laconic will on record is that of a man who wrote: "I have nothing; I owe a great deal; the rest I give to the poor."

UNITED STATES CONGRESS.

Senate.

Accompanying the report of Mr. Morton (Rep.), of Indiana, of the refusal of a telegraph operator named Turner to testify before the committee on election was a resolution declaring that Mr. Turner is in duty bound to answer questions, and cannot refuse to do so by virtue of his connection with the Western Union Telegraph Company, which was ordered to be printed.

Mr. Davis (Dem.), of West Virginia, presented a petition of merchants, bankers and others in favor of an amicable settlement of the Presidential contest. Referred to the special committee appointed to consider that subject.

Mr. Wallace (Dem.), of Pennsylvania, presented a similar petition of bankers, merchants and others of Columbia, Pa. Same reference.

The bill of Mr. Wright (Rep.), of Iowa, to establish a court for the trial of contested election cases was referred to the select committee appointed to devise means for the amicable settlement of the Presidential contest.

The question of the privacy of telegraphic dispatches was discussed, being called up on the resolution submitted by the committee on privileges and elections, declaring that William M. Turner is in duty bound, under his oath, to answer the questions propounded to him by the committee in regard to the transmission of telegraphic messages through his office at Jacksonville, Oregon, and that he cannot excuse himself from answering the same by means of his official connection with the Western Union Telegraph Company as the manager of their office at Jacksonville, Oregon. After discussion that Senate, by a vote of thirty-three to three, passed the resolution. The Senate thus, by a large majority, declares that the telegraph company must answer questions propounded to them.

Mr. Hermann (Rep.), of Ohio, presented a petition of prominent business men and citizens of Cincinnati, members of both political parties, asking an amicable settlement of the Presidential contest.

After senate the resolution declaring that the telegraph manager Turner was bound to answer questions propounded to him was adopted—yeas, thirty-five; nays, three—the negative votes being cast by Messrs. Burnside, Barnum and Eaton.

Mr. Booth (Rep.), of California, submitted a concurrent resolution prescribing rules for the counting of the votes for President and Vice-President, which provide that it shall be the right of any member of the Senate or House of Representatives, when assembled in joint convention to count the electoral vote, to object to any certificate; upon which objection the president of the Senate shall rule, and an appeal may then be taken from such decision, when the two houses shall separate and decide whether the ruling of the chair shall be affirmed. In case of a disagreement, an appeal can be taken to the supreme court, and the contested vote shall be decided in accordance with the decision of said court. The justices of the supreme court, in deciding such contests, may receive in evidence the proceedings of any State officer or board of State officers, and reports of Congressional committees; ordered to be printed.

House.

Mr. Wood (Dem.), of New York, presented a memorial from certain merchants and business men in New York, expressing their satisfaction at the action of the Democratic members of the committee to consider the proper mode of counting the electoral vote, and praying that all party considerations may be thrown aside, and that unselfish patriotism may guide all Congressional action in the matter. Read and referred to the joint committee on the subject.

Mr. Bright (Dem.), of Tennessee, asked leave to introduce a bill for the free coinage of the silver dollar, and for making the same a legal tender, and to refer it to the committee on mines and mining. The bill provides for the coinage of silver dollars containing 412½ grains, and that no charge shall be made for converting standard silver bullion into the coin dollar.

The sergeant-at-arms, by direction of the Speaker, presented at the bar of the House Mr. E. W. Barnes, the local manager of the Western Union Telegraph Company, in custody as a recusant witness, he having refused to produce before the House investigating committee certain telegraphic dispatches passing through that office.

The Speaker appointed Mr. McDill (Rep.), of Iowa, to fill the vacancy in the committee on the rights, duties and privileges of the House in counting the electoral vote, in place of Mr. Monroe (Rep.), of Ohio, excused. The House then adjourned.

Mr. Willis (Dem.), of New York, presented a memorial of bankers, merchants and citizens of New York city, praying for a peaceful solution of the Presidential question. Referred.

Mr. Hewitt, of Alabama, from the committee on invalid pensions, reported a bill granting pensions to certain soldiers and sailors of the Mexican, Florida and Black Hawk wars, and certain widows of deceased soldiers and sailors of the same.

Mr. Reagan (Dem.), of Texas, moved to strike out the fifth section of the bill, which excludes from its benefits those who are laboring under political disabilities. He argued that the bill should be broad and charitable in its provisions.

Mr. Rusk (Rep.), of Wisconsin, opposed the motion as one, the effect of which would be to make Jefferson Davis a pensioner of the government.

The motion was rejected, and the bill passed. The bill allows a pension of $8 a month to all who served sixty days in the Mexican war, or thirty days in the Florida or Black Hawk war, to the widows of deceased soldiers.

Mr. E. W. Barnes, the New Orleans manager of the Western Union Telegraph Company, was before the bar of the House, and was asked what excuse he had to offer for the failure to produce before the House committee sitting at New Orleans telegrams called for in the subpœna served on him. He replied that his answer had been prepared by his counsel. The matter was referred to the Judiciary committee, and the sergeant-at-arms was directed to retain Mr.